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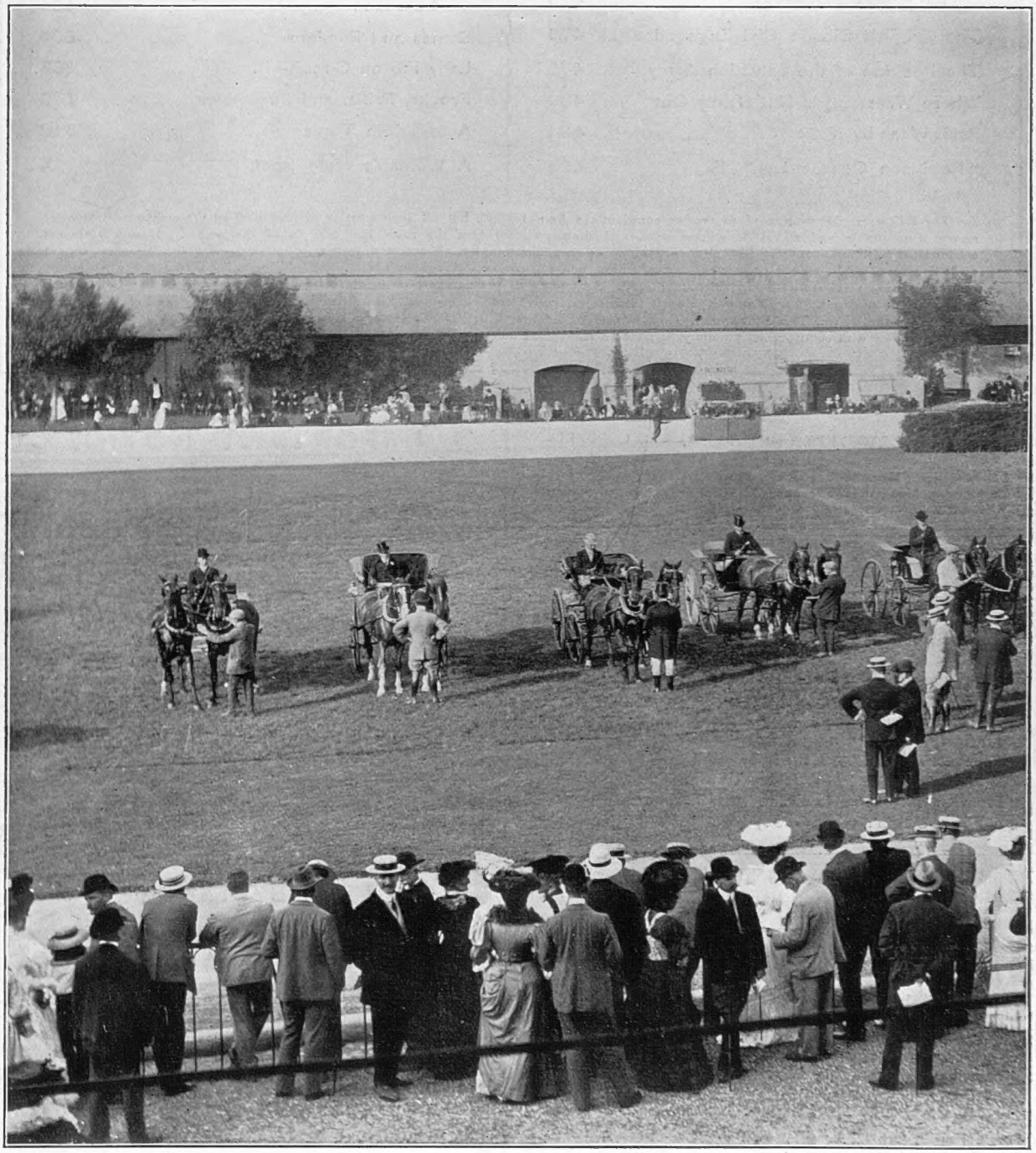

Photo *Lafayette, Dublin*

The Irish Week: Judging Double Harness Classes at the Dublin Show

The Horse Show at Dublin is the most important event in the Irish social year. The crowds there this year have been enormous, and the entries well above the average

No. 144.—Vol. XI.

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"The Thames." By Mortimer Menpes. (A. and C. Black: 20*s.* net.)

"Medicine for the Million." By A Family Physician. (*News of the World*: 1*s.* net.)

"George Farquhar." Edited by William Archer. (The Mermaid Series.) (T. Fisher Unwin: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

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Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
September 5, 1906

Mary Jane has been caught masquerading in the fine raiment of her mistress. A registry-office keeper presents in the *Daily Mail* a vivid picture of "parlour-maids disporting themselves in the choicest items from their mistresses' wardrobes." We can imagine that a good-looking parlourmaid, whose dress was a mere item, would make a bit of a stir at church parade.

* * *

The child is indeed father of the man now that America has decided upon reforming the spelling of the English language. Reprisals are already being discussed among English philologists, and it is believed that, as a start, swift justice will be meted out to such atrocities as "cinch," "rubber-neck," and "peach."

* * *

Luggage weighs heavily on the unfortunate holiday-maker. If he takes it with him he loses it, and, according to a correspondent, if he sends it in advance, the porters kick their tips out of the unoffending baggage.

* * *

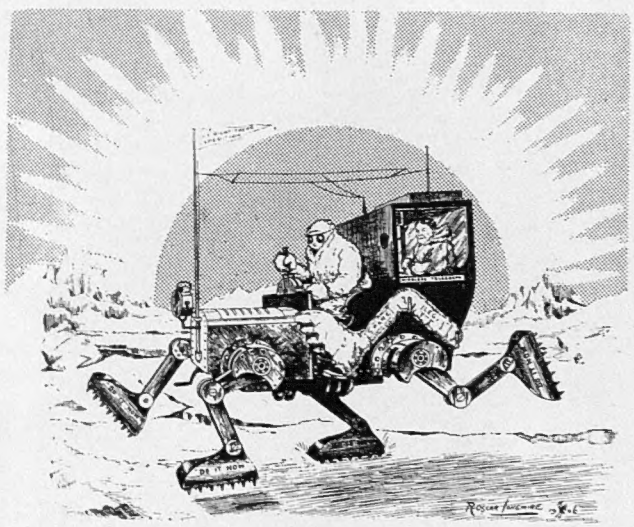
The poor tennis player seems to be in a bad way. According to the *Daily Mail*, tennis-shoulder is painfully prevalent just now; while another contemporary, in its report of a recent tournament, follows this up with the still more horrifying intelligence that "among the chief players were seen several big cracks."

* * *

The Chicago packers are strenuously resisting the American Government's injunction that the contents of every tin of food should be described in detail on the label. It is naturally felt that if this law were enforced with regard to such goods as potted chicken, either the labels would have to be three times the present size, or else the lettering would have to be so small as to be invisible to the naked eye.

* * *

We note *The Woman's Magazine* guarantees that "everything in the paper can be explained to the children without embarrassment." But why the need for any explanation at all?



The Pedo-grip-Wireless-Growler Automobile for Polar Expeditions

Since Mr. Wellman's idea of reaching the North Pole by airship seems to have fallen through, why not try this? We offer the suggestion free

(*Drawn by R. Oscar Longmire*)

In these days, when Britions are so universally pessimistic with regard to the status of the country in eyes of a foreigner, it is soothing to note that the revolutionists in Persia desire that the promises of the Shah shall be guaranteed by Great Britain. Here, decidedly, is independent testimony of the high estimation in which Great Britain is held, if any were needed.

* * *

The question of the moment that is distracting France is not, as a student of that versatile country might suppose, the Pope's Encyclical, but the relation in which a host stands to his guest. The mysterious theft of a famous blue diamond ring belonging to the Countess de Rodellac is known in its main facts to most people over here. It will be remembered that Monsieur Greger, a Russian diplomat and a Councillor of State in Russia, while a guest of the Count and Countess de Rodellac, is accused by them of having stolen a very valuable diamond ring which was found in his luggage. France is distracted with the question: Were the host and hostess committing a grave breach of hospitality in giving their guest into custody, even assuming he were guilty of the theft? Opinion seems to be divided pretty evenly on this question of taste. What would you do, reader, if you were entertaining a guest and found that he had been guilty of theft? The Greger case is not, however, quite so simple as this. M. Greger declares he is quite innocent of theft, and that it must have been put in his luggage by someone who had a grudge against him. The question rather, then, resolves itself into this: If you were morally certain that the guest had stolen some of your property while enjoying your hospitality, but you were able to recover that property, would you proceed to extremities by accusing him of the theft, or would you prefer to accept his explanations and never invite him again to your house? It is a knotty point, and, without desiring to give my opinion, I should say that unless the thief were discovered *in flagrante delicto* most people would be only too pleased to give him the benefit of any doubt.

RACING NOTIONS

MAHER IN TROUBLE. By "CARBINE"

What Happened in the Gimcrack Stakes

First of all, Mr. Walter Raphael resolved not to start My Pet II. for the Gimcrack Stakes at York. Then he changed his mind, and, instead of reserving his smart colt for Doncaster, allowed him to take his chance on the Knavesmire. And now, no doubt, he is sorry. For not only did he lose the race, but his colt had a narrow escape of being irretrievably damaged. On his best form, My Pet II. can be made out one of the smartest of his age, and it is unfortunate that this defeat is to rank on his record. But it must never be forgotten that Mr. Raphael's colt was nearly knocked off his legs in the early stages of the contest, and never really had a fair chance of scoring. Later in the day the weighing-room witnessed what an Irishman described as a "divil of a scene." Maher and Herbert Jones, two of our most popular jockeys, were at loggerheads, and Mr. Raphael was in a state of much indignation at the way in which his colt had been treated. Jones declared that Maher, who had the mount of Lord Derby's Glacis, rode right across his line soon after the start, making My Pet II. stumble badly and all but come a cropper. He could never get properly going again, and finished unplaced to Polar Star, thanks to whose success Mr. Hall Walker will have the unique distinction of being the guest of the evening at the Gimcrack Club's dinner for the second year in succession.

Photo *Lafayette*

Mr. Kernohan's Greater Britain

Who won the Hunter Championship Cup at the Dublin Show

Erratic or Foul Riding?

A complaint against Maher followed the race, and it was decidedly unpleasant to hear the crack jockey's name associated with foul riding by those who discussed the affair. I will not go so far as to think that he interfered with the favourite intentionally. Maher's record on the English Turf has been far too excellent from the moral standpoint for us to entertain suspicion in a matter which, after all, might have been the merest accident. But we must put it down that Maher rode erratically. In that case, from what I know of the jockey, I should have expected him to apologise subsequently to Jones and Mr. Raphael. Instead of doing so, Maher replied to the complaint with heated, ill-considered words, and Mr. Raphael accordingly lodged a protest with the Stewards, who went into the matter at once.

A Reprimand and Caution

Unfortunately, they had very little real evidence to go upon, but they considered the circumstances grave enough to reprimand Maher, and cautioned him as to his future riding. Some people profess not to understand this verdict. "If Maher was guilty," they say, "he ought to have been given a much heavier punishment than the mere reprimand." This is surely stuff and nonsense. Reading between the lines, one gathered that the York Stewards considered that Maher did not ride foully—in which event he would have been reported to the Stewards of the Jockey Club—but they thought he had steered an erratic course, and was consequently to be blamed. I think that in all the circumstances the reprimand was sufficient, for it will do no little harm to the jockey's reputation. I hope Maher will make a full apology to Mr. Raphael, and in that case the matter will possibly be allowed to blow over. Meanwhile, I see it stated that Mr. Raphael is dissatisfied with the inquiries made by the local Stewards, and has requested the Stewards of the Jockey Club to devote attention to the matter.

Selections

Keystone II. has been the victim of more ugly rumours during the past week, but I have authority for stating that the mare is all right, and will certainly be started for the St. Leger next week if she meets with no mishap in the meantime. And my opinion is as strong as ever that **Keystone II.** will win. There promises to be some good racing at Derby this week. Some high-class three-year-olds are entered for the Champion Breeders' Stakes on Wednesday. **Gorgos** may win if he is sent from Newmarket, but in his absence my selection would be **His Eminence.** I fancy the **Claque Colt** for the Devonshire Nursery, and the success of the Duke of Devonshire's colours, so close to Chatsworth, would be very popular. On Thursday, **Sir Frusquin** may win the Elvaston Nursery, and **Earla Mor** the Peveril of the Peak Plate. Major Eustace Loder holds a strong hand in the Breeders' Plate at Kempton Park on Friday, while at Sandown, on the following afternoon, I choose **Bellavista** for the Michaelmas Stakes and the **Rusk Colt** for the Paddock Plate.

The Quantock Hunt: Scenes at the First Meet

THE Quantock Staghounds, which, by the way, is a private pack, holds, with the Devon and Somerset, the unique position of being the only staghounds in the kingdom which are still able to hunt the "wild red deer" of Devon and Somerset. The pack is of comparatively new formation, only having been founded in 1901. Our photographs give an idea of the sort of country which has to be hunted—the "Valley of the Doones" being the centre of the district. A well-bred and hardy horse, with the best of shoulders to go down hill, is required by all who wish to hunt with this pack, and if one's mount cannot keep going all day, it is the better policy to give up all idea of a day's sport.

The stag that gave such a fine run at the opening meet of the Quantock on August 27

"Blooding" the daughter of Mr. Boles, M.F.H., West Somerset

Photos *Clarke and Hyde*

Mr. Stanley, the Master of the Quantock, leading his hounds back after the hunt

"Aut Scissors, Aut Nullus"

Where the Murderer Scores

The murderer is not denied the benefit of the Burial Service, but the suicide is—so fine are the distinctions we draw in such matters.—*Tribune.*

* * *

The Great Unwashed

Professional drivers have been christened by many names, from "Chauffeur Chef" to "Gentleman Engineer." It is surprising that so far they have not been designated the "Great Unwashed," seeing that they are the least well-groomed and the most grimy-looking class of men outside of the type of the "East End unemployed." — *The World and His Wife.*

* *

The Delights of London

The crossing of one of our principal thoroughfares, with the difficult *arrêtes* of its central ranges and its yawning chasms between, is undeniably invigorating exercise. Similarly, to avoid being caught out by the playful motor-omnibus or by the blithesome four-wheeler skidding round a sharp corner on its wrong side of the road demands a keen eye, a steady nerve, and a flying foot.—*The World.*

* * *

A New Terror in Life

The snapshotting photographer has become a terror. Wherever one goes, whatever one does, one is liable, if at all interesting to the public, to be limned in the most ungraceful of attitudes. The agreeable smile becomes a grin, the slim beauty wears a stoop, the dignified minister is seen in mufti and an umbrella. The camera has taken the place of the *valet de chambre*, to whom no man is a hero.—LADY VIOLET GREVILLE in *The Graphic.*

The Average Golfer

The average golfer is a self-contained, self-important being with a figure that runs to fat. His one desire is to keep down his proportions and to render himself, as the phrase goes, "fit." To that end he joined an association of other self-important individuals and goes gallivanting after a ball on blasted heaths and other parts of the kingdom unfit for really useful purposes.—T. M. RENDLE in *London Opinion.*

* * *

Women with "Sauce Piquante"

In France, women, victuals, and aphorisms are alike well dressed. Neither the French woman, French cookery, nor French literature require puffing. All three are triumphs of sartorial grace. The truth is, the French have a genius for presenting. Garniture is with them a sixth sense, embellishment a natural art. In France, appearance, food, and thought are equally well served. Why is garnishing, applied to a woman, an *entrée*, or an idea, important? Chiefly because of its provocative power. A pretty girl in best bib and tucker, a carrot fresh scraped, and a fancy well expressed, are designed to provoke interest. *Sauce piquante*, whether composed of a smart gown flavoured with *bijouterie* and a posy of cream and mustard trimmed with tarragon vinegar, or of pearls of reason seasoned with imagination and a smack of wit—*sauce piquante* must be stimulating, appetising, spicy, or—lose its venture. —GEORGE FROST in *The Gentlewoman.*

* * *

The One Thing Lacking

A motorist declares that the most difficult thing to acquire in automobilism is the car.—*Westminster Gazette.*

The Pioneers of Civilisation in Africa

MISSIONARY: "When I have baptised my hundredth nigger, my missionary society will give me a living in England"
OFFICER: "When I have won my bet of shooting a hundred Kaffirs, I shan't stay here a day longer!"
MERCHANT: "Directly I have made £10,000—then, good-bye, Africa!"

(*From "Lustige Blatter," Berlin*)

The Upward Movement

There are many people who in this transitory life are climbing, crawling, and even ballooning, from one stratum of Society to another — people who have eaten peas with a knife, and are uncertain as to whether a tumbler or a cup is the proper receptacle for the liqueur. In every rank of life you have to do the "right thing," whether it is a matter of pins for the winkles or the proper costume for the moors. —*Daily Chronicle.*

* * *

The Reason Why

It has long puzzled thoughtful people to know why so many gentlemen are anxious to get into Parliament. Mr. Balfour, speaking at Dunbar, has now disclosed his reason for sitting as a Member. "I have a weakness," he said, "for recreation uncombined with instruction."—*Punch.*

* * *

Back to the Horse

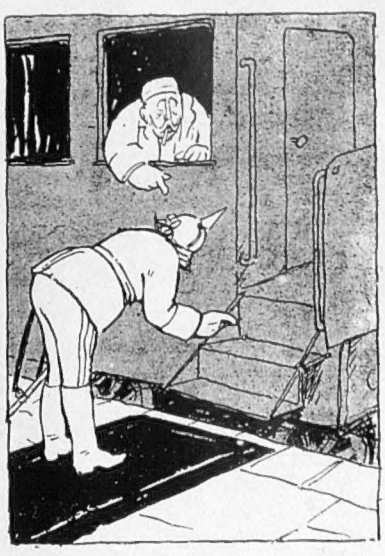
If we had as much good sense as they (our forefathers), we should "scrap" every petrol-exuding machine in the land, and go back to the horse as the true and natural guardian of the British character.—*Vanity Fair.*

* * *

Luck

You can't be lucky at bridge just because you have studied a book on the game; and you'll never enjoy life any the better because you have made all arrangements for enjoying it. The best events, like the worst, generally happen to you by accident; you may draw up an excellent programme of existence, and rigidly adhere to your part of it, but you can't rely upon the fates keeping to theirs.—ST. JOHN ADCOCK in *The Throne.*

(1) When the two monarchs met, they embraced and kissed one another. The kiss was heard at Königstein, and gave rise to the rumour that the "Höchster" works had exploded. During the greeting the word was passed round in the suite: "That's a sensible sort of peace movement at last"

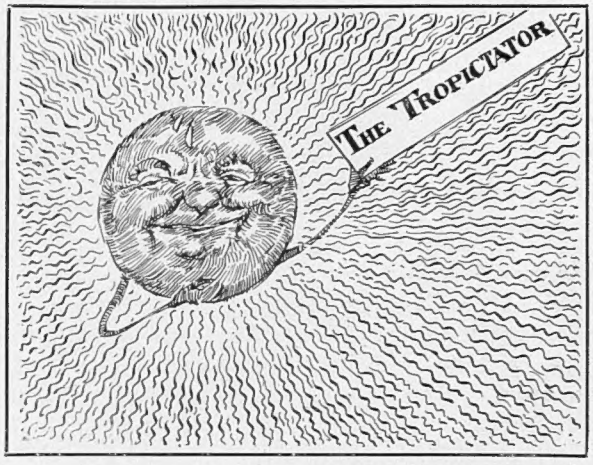


(2) On departing, the Kaiser Wilhelm expressed his special satisfaction with the roomy steps of the English saloon carriages. "I would recommend you to adopt them," remarked the King, "but then you travel so little!"

THE CRONBERG MEETING

From "Jugend," Munich

The Topictator



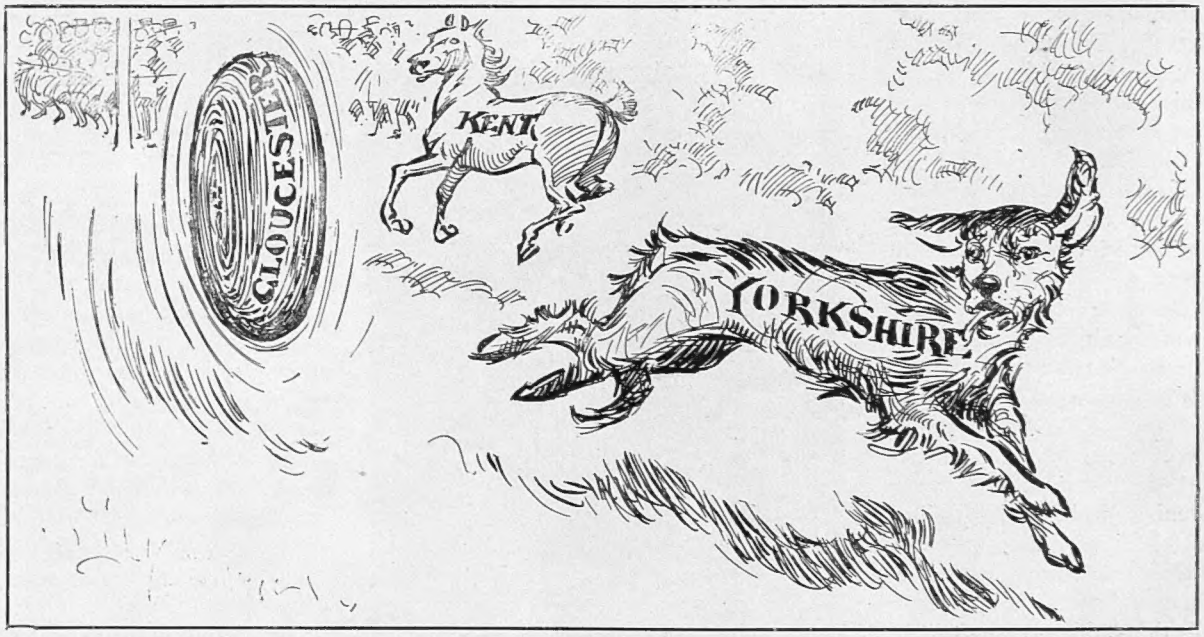
An Alternative

AUGUSTUS SOL, ESQ.: "Allow me—a little suggestion—as it is the silly season"

A Protest

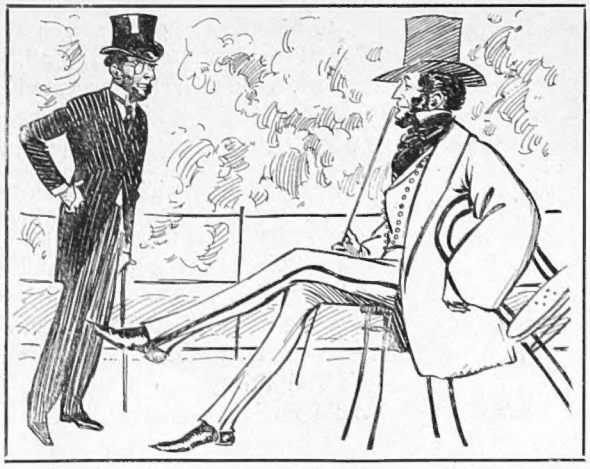
(Wasps put a stop to a football match on August 25)

THE WASP: "I should think so—no self-respecting insect would allow football in August"



A Bolt from the Blue

THE TYKE: "Gr-r-rrrr—this run will lose me the Championship"



A Matter of Taste

("*The Lady*" *is advocating a return to the fashion of wearing whiskers*)

BEAU D'ORSAY: "Well no, sir, I think not—distinctly not. Nowadays you have other—er—qualities in place of the dash and swagger with which we carried them off in my time"

Amurrican

(It seems to be quite the usual thing for young couples at Coney Island, finding they have missed the last train to New York, to ring up the hotel chaplain and be legally married by midnight)

"Theodore Lincoln Washington (ya-a-a-ho-ooo), wilt thou have this woman, etc."

Pheugh!

London has been like a furnace the past few days, and its closeness is almost suffocating. I dropped in to dinner at the Savoy Hotel on Sunday night, for I felt sure the enterprising management would devise some plan to make their guests comfortable while catering for the inner man. I was not disappointed. A number of electric fans were frequently interspersed throughout the charming restaurant, brilliant in its new scheme of pink and white, which has replaced the dark mahogany, and, through the wide open windows a cool breeze blew in from the river. The restaurant was a mass of pink carnations, while festoons of roses and lilies were hung everywhere.

No visitor to Town, if he be a wise man, will miss dining at the Savoy. Its iced melon, with the temperature about 90° in the shade out of doors, is a dream, and the same can be said of its iced peaches. Meanwhile, with cool air around, and the orchestra discoursing sweet music, a more delightful way of spending an evening would be impossible to devise. Some very interesting people were dining there on Sunday evening, and all the tables were taken, so when you decide to go, do not fail to book one.

* * *

The Late Lady Campbell-Bannerman

Liberals and Tories alike have offered to the Prime Minister the deepest sympathy in the heavy loss which he has sustained. Lady Campbell-Bannerman, though very little known to the public, was much admired and esteemed by everyone who knew anything of her at all. In the dogged determination which has all along distinguished the career of the Prime Minister, it is a well-known fact that Lady Campbell-Bannerman was his steadfast second. It was once said, indeed, that Sir Henry never made a speech without first rehearsing it to an audience which consisted of his critical, highly intellectual, and ever-sympathetic wife. The daughter of a soldier—her father, the late Sir Charles Bruce, was once Governor of Portsmouth—at no time did her ladyship take a keener interest in her husband's career than when he filled the position of Secretary for War.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The late Lady Campbell-Bannerman

On her last journey to Marienbad. There is universal sympathy with the Premier in his sad bereavement

Toujours Bourchier

Mr. Bourchier has issued another remarkable circular to the Press He now asks its co-operation in what he believes to be the most helpful method to assist dramatic criticism from sinking into the obscurity of mere "reporting," viz., by not inviting critics to his first nights till the play has run a week. I really don't know, quite, whom Mr. Bourchier thinks he punishes by this, his latest "bouch." Surely not the papers? For what London journal is there that cannot afford the half-guinea for its stall, or its shilling for the gallery, to witness the *début* of a play? Even supposing, however, that the Editors spared their money, and only sent their critics on "invitation night," during the second week, surely those who would suffer most would be the public. To withhold from him for a whole week a notice of a new play is just as great an insult to the man in the street as to do the same thing with any other news-item. News deferred maketh the heart sick, and I venture to suggest that the person most punished by the adoption of the proposal is the playgoer in town or country, whose name is legion, who looks to the newspaper report of a new play as his guide as to whether or no he shall go and see it. I am glad, by the way, to note that Mr. Bourchier has accepted our contemporary, *The Tatler's*, offer to him to accept himself the post of its dramatic critic.

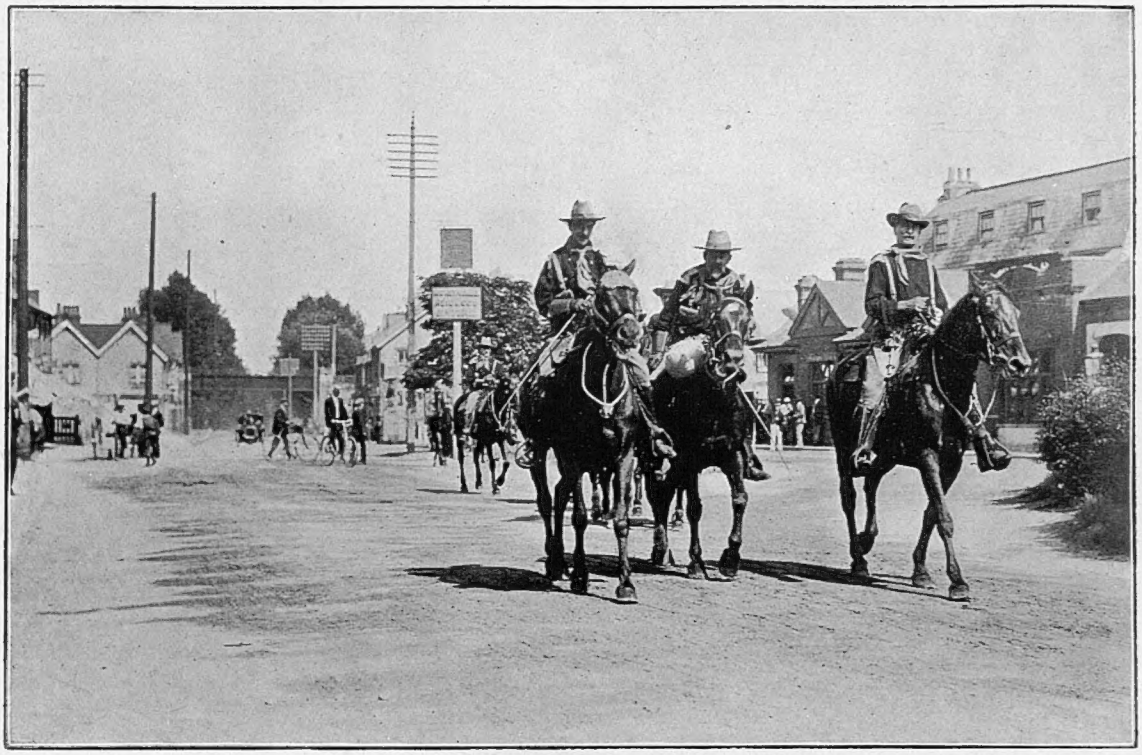
* * *

The York Races

Glorious weather, a record attendance, and some very good racing, characterised the famous and ancient York Meeting last week. In days gone by, the meeting on the Knavesmire exercised a potent influence on the fortunes of the forthcoming St. Leger; but times are changed, and this year, at any rate, the Yorkshire Stakes held no bearing at all on the Doncaster St. Leger. The quality of the sport and the great social popularity of this meeting, especially from a county point of view, probably accounts for the unhesitating fashion in which the moors and the streams are deserted during the York Week.

Heat Wave Whims: A Contrast

THE HOTTEST AND COOLEST OF LONDON'S WEEK-END DOINGS



The Hottest: Frontiersmen passing Coulsdon on their ride to Brighton

Two teams of the Legion of Frontiersmen, in their picturesque "cowboy" attire, journeyed to Brighton and back to test the best method of attaching a pack of 120lbs. to their horses. Mr. Pocock suffered severely from the heat on the outward journey on Saturday, but everyone finished up in excellent condition. Result: Both teams disqualified through failure to return to London in allotted time

The Coolest: Boats on the Thames at Teddington Regatta

The chief event of the day was the Double Sculling Skiff Championship, which was won by Miss L. Pocock and Mr. H. N. Wakefield and Miss Sybil Goertz (cox). The Regatta usually marks the close of the Thames regatta season, and the comparatively cool banks of the river were crowded with spectators

The Irish Week

Some Visitors

One of the prettiest women present was Mrs. Guy Fairfax, who had a big house-party for the occasion, and the *débutante*, Miss Nancy Lycett Green, whose father is Master of the York and Ainsty Hounds, also came in for a great deal of admiration. Good looks, of course, come as Miss Lycett Green's birthright, for her mother is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson, of Tranby Croft, and sister of Miss Muriel Wilson, who has been chaperoning her niece all the season, and to whose dark beauty her blonde niece provides a delightful foil.

Other interesting people present included the Hon. Rupert and Mrs. Beckett, the latter dark and striking-looking and beautifully dressed as usual; Col. Hall-Walker, whose wife has been staying at the Hotel Weimar, Marienbad, and who is now quite recovered from the indisposition which kept her a prisoner during the first week of her stay at the famous cure-resort; Mr. and Mrs. Russell Monro, Lord and Lady Knaresborough, Lord Decies, Lord Downe, the popular Steward of the Jockey Club, Sir Thomas and Lady Evelyn Pilkington, who came over from Cheviot Park, Lord Cholmondeley, Lord Londesborough, Sir John Miller, Bart., Lord Allington, of course Lord Durham, and, in fact, the whole of Yorkshire, and a very good sprinkling of the surrounding counties.

Ireland's Week

There is, of course, a charm about the Irish Week which, somehow or other, is entirely missing from other common or garden "Weeks," especially those in prosaic, fairy-bereft England. The plethora of pretty women may or may not be the result of the absence of any tiresome "Who's Who" restrictions, but there they are, anyway.

Dublin has always been noted for its amateur theatricals, and these have been in a very flourishing state during the "Week." Foremost among such this year has been the distinguished company of amateurs who produced *Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace* at the Queen's Royal Theatre, at which the Lord-Lieutenant and *tout le monde* were present, while many well-known names were included in the caste.

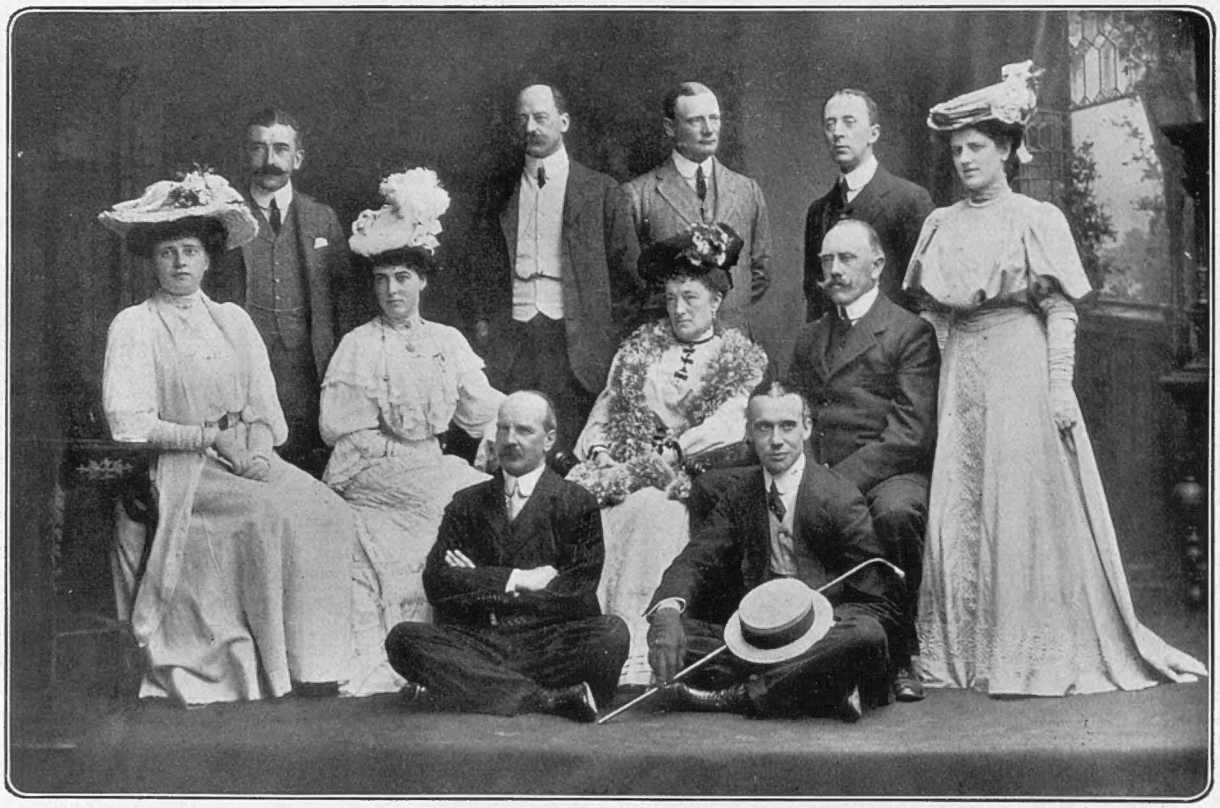


Photo *Lauder*

The Irish Week: A distinguished company of amateurs who gave a performance of "Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace" at the Queen's Royal Theatre, Dublin

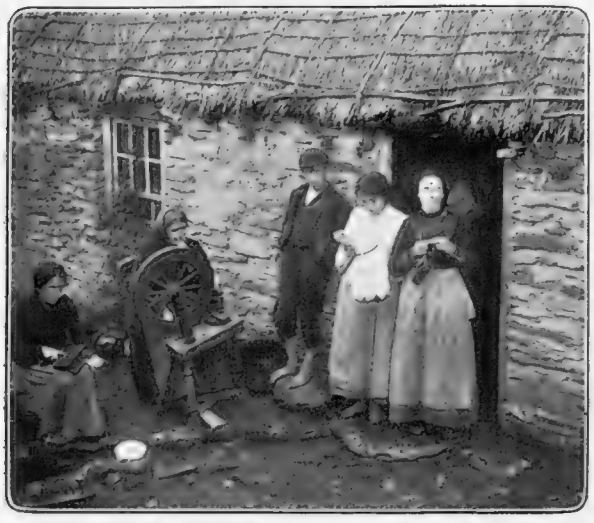
Standing: Mr. A. Tayler, Colonel Hugh Archdale, C.B., Captain Fred Gosset, Mr. Reginald Walter (Stage Manager), Mrs. Sydney Sharpe
Sitting: Miss De Stackpoole, Mrs. Archdale, Mrs. Montague Thorold, Sir Anthony Weldon, Bart., D.S.O.
Major Goldschmidt Mr. Sharpe

* * *

A Few Interesting People

It is impossible, of course, to mention even a dozen of the many hundreds of interesting people present. Amongst the men, Lord Ardilaun, the popular President; Lord Iveagh, still dispensing boundless hospitality; Lord Rathdonnell, Lord Southampton, Major Loder, and the young Duke of Leinster, were all very much to the fore; while the party staying at the Castle included the Earl and Countess of Dunraven, Mr. Walter Long, Rear-Admiral

M.P.'s Visit Poverty-stricken Donegal



Spinning and carding wool from which Donegal tweed is made

The conditions under which these home-workers live is often deplorable, and far exceeding the horrors of many urban sweated industries

Sarah, Mary, and Maggie McHugh, three Irish spinners

The weekly wage of a handkerchief embroiderer is *1s. 9d.*, though a very expert worker can earn *2s. 6d.*, while the average spinner can only earn *1s. 6d.*

Glenties Village, the centre of a densely populated district, visited by the party

A party of M.P.'s is now touring Ireland to inquire into the conditions of life of the home-workers and peasant class generally, with a view, if possible, of bringing in measures to better their condition during the coming Session, when Irish matters generally will occupy a great deal of attention

Photos

An old Irish peasant, aged ninety years

This photograph was taken inside his cottage. Notice the crucifix (in the background) and the box bed. An able-bodied labourer in the prime of life seldom gets more than *3s.* a week

Photo Press

Mr. E. H. Lamb, M.P., and Dr. A. E. Hazel talking to some old women and children outside their cottage

Everyone knows that the pig and chickens are part of the household in a poor family. The children's food consists, as a rule, of potatoes and buttermilk

Norris Castle, near Cowes, which, it is said, the King of Spain will purchase

So charmed has King Alfonso been by his recent visits to this country, that it is possible he will purchase Norris Castle, in the Isle of Wight, which now belongs to Mr. Orr Ewing, who bought it from the Duke of Bedford. Norris Castle commands a beautiful view of the Solent, and occupies one of the most charming spots in the Island

The Late Duke of Cambridge's Grand-daughters

and Mrs. King Hall, and Lady Eileen Wyndham-Quin. The delight which the true Irishwoman takes in horses was amply exemplified in the persons of Mrs. Sadleir-Jackson and Miss Edith Œ. Somerville. Mrs. Sadleir-Jackson owns more racehorses than any other woman in Ireland, and Miss Somerville holds the proud position of Master of the West Carbery Foxhounds. This reminds me that, in collaboration with "Martin Ross," she has promised to write a series of hunting stories for THE BYSTANDER. Their "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M." will be remembered as one of the most delightful hunting stories ever written.

Photos

Miss Iris FitzGeorge

Johnston and Hoffman

Miss Daphne FitzGeorge

Bridge and the Waters

At Homburg, where formerly the attractions of lawn tennis and croquet reigned supreme, the more sedate if less innocent joys of golf and bridge are now the order of the day. People who were content in past seasons to take their exercise by proxy, as it were, in watching other and more energetic people running about after a bouncing ball, now knock a small and much less boisterously bouncing ball along themselves, and encourage thereby a feeling of conscious virtue as well as an appetite for the little dinners for which Homburg is so justly famed. They also, in the natural course of things—for bridge follows golf as the night the day—play a hand of bridge when the game of golf is ended. Of course, while the popular Miss Toupie Lowther lives and breathes—at Homburg—lawn tennis will form as much a part of the life there as the waters themselves, but golf being so much less fatiguing and bridge so much more exciting, it is rather a question which will win.

* * *

Players at Homburg

One of the most enthusiastic bridge-players at Homburg this year is the Crown Prince of Greece, while two more devotees of the game, who have been playing at the famous cure-resort, are the two sons of the late Duke of Cambridge—Admiral Sir Adolphus FitzGeorge and Colonel Sir Augustus FitzGeorge. It is probable, by the way, that when the long-delayed life and letters of the late Duke of Cambridge are published by the Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, mention will be found therein of the two grand-daughters of the Duke, daughters of Colonel FitzGeorge, whose pictures we are enabled to publish in this issue. These two young girls, who are poetically named Iris and Daphne, and who will soon be at the age for "coming-out," occupy a position in the world which is at once interesting and pathetic. Cousins several times removed of the King, they yet have no specified social status, and none at all of a Royal nature, while the fact that their father's paralysis has prevented him from doing anything much for a very long time, has naturally not improved their prospects from a monetary point of view. In spite of their paternally Royal descent, they, therefore, start life with rather fewer worldly advantages than many a girl with no trace of Royal or blue blood in her veins.

The Original Gibson Girl Engaged

The Stage and the Peers

Miss Clifford is not, as is generally supposed, an American. Her father is an Irish Dane, her mother a Norwegian, and when she landed at Boston, five years before her appearance in England at the Shaftesbury Theatre as the impersonator of Charles Dana Gibson's "American Girl," the fascinating Camille could not speak a word of English. According to her future husband, who, on the announcement of the engagement, gave a full, perfect, and sufficient version of the affair to a representative of the *Daily Chronicle*, Miss Clifford is the happy possessor of a "mind of her own." Certainly, she has not hesitated to confess to the Press that she "wouldn't mind if one of those British Lords married her." She is also absolutely devoid of side. She was once a housemaid in the Vanderbilt household, and when someone spoke to her of having been a "lady's-maid," she said, "Goodness, I wish I had been." Work, indeed, is apparently what both Miss Clifford and Mr. Bruce are just pining for. Miss Clifford has no intention of leaving the stage on her marriage, even to a future peer, and Mr. Bruce has "run a motor-car concern for three days," so considers himself entirely capable of running it for ever more, and intends to if possible. Lord Aberdare, his son admits, is simply furious. He has not spoken to him for three months, and denies the existence of the engagement with equal fury when it is mentioned to him. However, with a delicious want of logic, which does him credit, he has intimated to his son that if he simply insists on marrying Miss Clifford, then he, too, will bless the union—in the approved fashion of aristocratic stage-fathers.

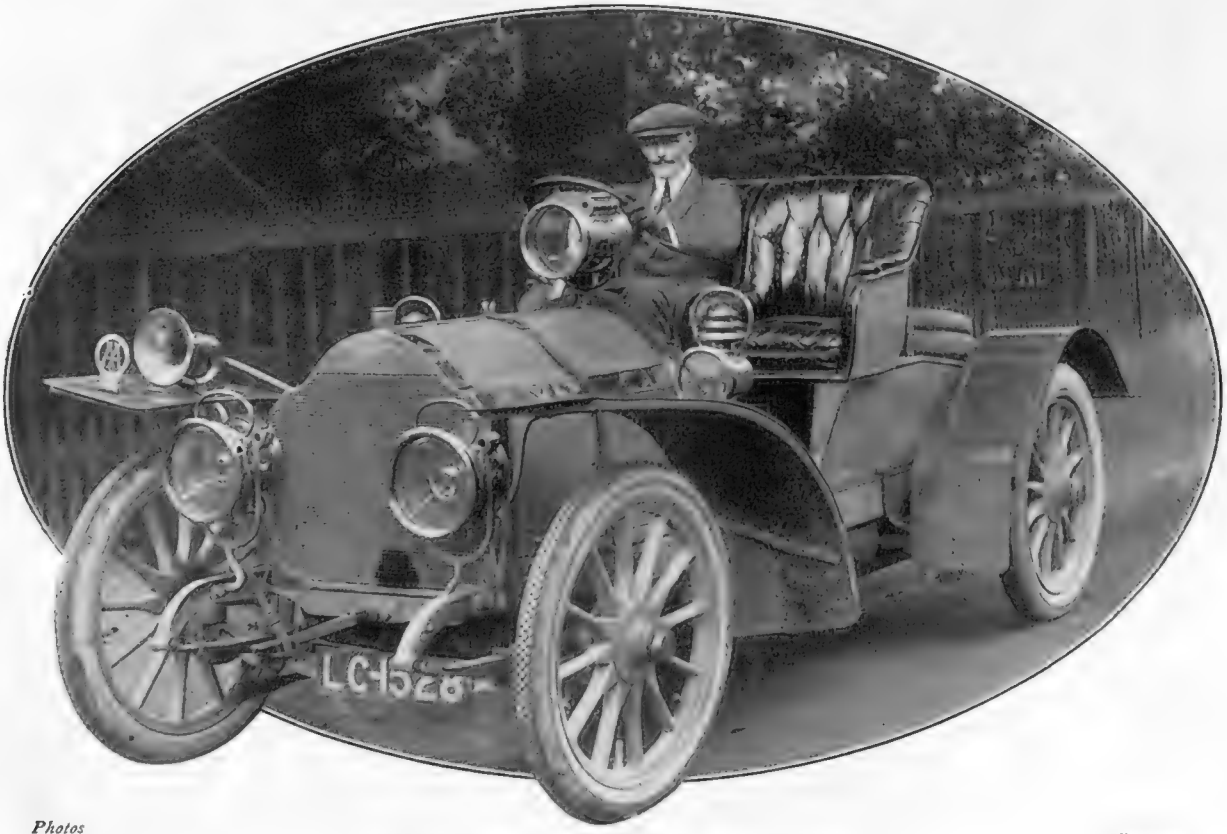
Miss Camille Clifford

The first of the stage "Gibson Girls," whose engagement to the Hon. Lyndhurst Bruce (son of Lord Aberdare) is the latest alliance between stage and peerage. Miss Clifford has played the Gibson Girl in many London plays, the first of them being *The Prince of Pilsen*, at the Shaftesbury

* * *

Motors, Inns, and Roads

Though a large number of people this year are indulging in motor tours for their holidays, it has not been generally recognised, perhaps, that accommodation in the various inns on the great highways has immensely improved of late. The Road Club, lately formed, will also help motorists in obtaining comfort. Be this as it may, anyone whose tastes are not too epicurean may now be sure of obtaining a decent bedroom and a well-cooked, if simple, repast at most country hostels.



Photos *Bassano*

The Hon. Henry Lyndhurst Bruce in his Dietrich car

The eldest son and heir to the Earl of Aberdare, whose engagement to Miss Camille Clifford, of "Gibson Girl" renown, is now announced

Motor Touring for the Holidays

Photo *Whitlock, Birmingham*

Motor Touring: How a great number of Londoners are spending their holidays

Whatever may be motoring's disadvantages, most of which are experienced by the poor pedestrian and not by the occupier of the car, motor touring has been one of the favourite ways of spending a holiday this year, for country hotel accommodation has been greatly improved of late. Our photograph shows a party who have been touring the country in their seven-seated touring Lanchester, which can be seen coasting down hill. Observe the dust thrown up by the car

The Position of the Salvation Army

General Booth and His Critics

An interesting series of articles has been appearing in the *Daily Graphic*, taking to task the Salvation Army, the gist of which would seem to be that the Army is not entirely sound, either spiritually or corporeally. In brief, the writer throws doubts on the position of the Army as a religious body, alleges that the funds subscribed by the public for rescue work only are used by the Army for its own purposes, and criticises the soundness of the Army as a medium for investment.

During the last few years, the Army has become, to its great undoing, almost fashionable. Nothing, as everyone knows, is so beneficial to a new sect as persecution. In the days of its lusty youth, the Salvation Army had enough and to spare. But of late years, a reaction has set in in its favour. Great towns presented the freedom of their cities to General Booth, and it was held up to the public as a philanthropic institution for the saving of submerged souls, run on the most business-like principles.

Photo *Lewis, Bath*

General Booth in motor costume

A photograph of the venerable Salvation leader (taken at Bath). Corporations in the towns he has passed through have vied in giving him Civic welcomes

Unrealised Aims

The question, however, is whether its efforts are not directed rather to the deportation from the Mother Country of some of those who should, if properly handled, be her best citizens. The class of men who, it would seem, are being taken away is often just that class of artisan and mechanic who should be kept at home. Submerged he may be at the moment of rescue, and down on his luck. But is he, on that account, a fit subject for emigration? If it be once accepted that a man out of work should be out of the country, the very foundations of our industrial position are being rooted up. The person who is really submerged—is he even raised to the surface of the wave by the Army, let alone brought ashore? Does he not rather remain in the abyss of obscurity, while all the Army's energy is concentrated on his stalwart brother of the able body and mind, but the temporarily disabled purse?

Photo *G. W. Wilson*

The Marischal College at Aberdeen, a new wing of which the King will open next month

Aberdonians are much looking forward to the coming visit of the King to open the new wing of this famous College. Originally a Monastery, Marischal College takes its name from George Keith, Hereditary Earl Marischal, who incorporated it in 1593 with the University of Aberdeen. Though little of the original building now remains, its magnificent tower, which rises to the height of 280 feet, is one of the sights of the city

To MARGATE ON THE "ROYAL SOVEREIGN."

I COULD GO ON LIKE THIS FOR EVER.

DANGER FOR THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

ALL SMILES—

UNTIL THE WHISTLE BLEW TO START.

THE ASSISTANT PURSER.

A MAJESTIC FIGURE.

THE SKIPPER, ON THE BRIDGE.

DO HURRY, ADOLPHUS, AND GET ME A SEAT WHERE I CAN SEE THE CAPTAIN.

"GIVE ALOOK FADER—DE SEA'S TURNIN' GOLD!"

IN THE QUIET OF THE AFTERNOON.

"NOW GIVE THE FUNERALS A REST, MOTHER; IT'S OUR TURN TO ENJOY OURSELVES TO-DAY, DON'T FORGIT!"

OVERCOME BY THE HEAT OF THE SUN

DRAWN BY CHAS. R. SYKES

Where Wrestling is Not Dying Out

Sports at Grasmere

Every year we are told that the famous Cumberland wrestling is dying out, and every year, with equal regularity, the pronouncement is disproved. Fine weather, record entries, a vast crowd, and unsparing enthusiasm combined to make the Westmoreland Meeting at Grasmere a big success. The same people attend these sports year after year, Lord Lonsdale, who drives a coach-load of guests over from Lowther Lodge, being one of the most steadfast visitors. On the box-seat of his coach this year sat Mrs. George Cornwallis West, Mrs. Novell, and the Hon. Lancelot Lowther. Lord Muncaster, with Lord and Lady Morpeth, Mr. and Mrs. Myles Kennedy, the Marquess of Ripon, and Lord Cross, were just a few of the visitors who came from far and near, while, of course, no man of the dales of Westmoreland and Cumberland would miss the Grasmere Sports. The prizes are always belts, and belts, as will be seen in our illustration, of the most tremendous size.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Lord Tredegar

Who has presented to the county of Monmouth two houses near Newport as a convalescent home, and endowed it with funds amounting to £1,500. Lord Tredegar is seventy-six, and rode in the Balaclava Charge

* * * *

The Monmouth Morgans

If anything were wanting to associate still more closely the name of Lord Tredegar with Monmouth, that something has now been provided by his lordship. He has presented to the county two houses at Bassaleg, near Newport, for a convalescent home, and he has further given £1,500 for their equipment. Lord Tredegar's own house—which has lately been the scene of a charmingly pretty country wedding, when his niece, the Hon. Eleanor Devereux, daughter of Lord Hereford, married Mr. Addams-Williams—was built in the reign of Charles II. on the site of Big Pencarn, the historic seat of those Morgans who fought for Henry VIII. Of Sir William Morgan, known as "The Warrior," many pages of history have been written, for he was, indeed, a mighty fighting man. He took an army of Monmouthshire men to Ireland, and a host of volunteers to Holland to help the Dutch when they struggled to free themselves from the Spaniards, and he spent a strenuous old age training soldiers for Queen Elizabeth; while of another famous ancestor it is recorded that his shining golden armour struck terror to the hearts of his enemies. Lord Tredegar, who is now a man of seventy-six, has amply upheld the traditions of a warlike family. He and his brother served through the Crimean Campaign, and Lord Tredegar rode with his regiment in the Balaclava Charge.

BYSTANDER.

Photo] **Wrestling in Westmoreland: Awarding the Prize Belt** [*Mason, Ambleside*

After the recent sports at Grasmere, Cumberland, Lord Lonsdale (in the centre) awarded the prize belt to the champion, J. Bowman, who won the wrestling bout after an exciting struggle with Studholme. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Myles Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Strickland, Mr. A. B. Dunlop, and Mr. T. Newby Wilson

PARIS Week by Week.

By FRANCES KEYZER

The Pope's Encyclical

Paris is only slowly recovering from the surprise roused by the Pope's Encyclical. On many occasions already, and especially during the Dreyfus affair, the Vatican assumed a hostile attitude towards the French Government. Now, however, Rome has thrown down the gauntlet, and has openly declared herself the inexorable enemy of the Republic, the friend of England, who does not recognise the Pope's Sovereignty and protested against a representative of the Holy See being present at the Hague Peace Conference.

* * *

French Indignation

All right-minded Catholics here are indignant at this declaration of war on the Pope's part, and this feeling is shared by thousands of French priests, honest, conscientious men who never trouble about matters not pertaining to their office. Had the Pope consulted them he would never have committed this blunder. They would have reminded him that under the separation law the Holy See has obtained the right it never had before, of appointing its bishops without the sanction of the State, a right which in the past it tried in vain to secure. The Pope would also have learned from them that the new law, which offered them every guarantee, had, as the recent elections showed, the full approval of the nation. But, instead of consulting these men, the Pope allowed himself to be influenced by the "politicians" in his *entourage*, among whom Cardinals Merry del Val, Mathurin, Gotti, and Vannutelli are prominent, and, acting on their advice, ordered the French bishops to disobey their country's laws.

Madame Tola Dorian (Princesse Mestchersky)

Author of "A Mes Slaves," a dramatic story of Russian life. Mme. Dorian, who has written many books and plays, lives a secluded life near Trouville, among her horses and dogs

* * *

The Real Instigators

The bulk of the French nation know only too well to whom to attribute this wanton attack on the Government. The religious congregations, the hotbeds of political conspiracies, expelled from France, have used the Pope as their tool, and, through him, are playing their last card, hoping that, by rousing evil passions and turning the country upside down, they may have a chance of returning to France. These monks are in daily touch with the members of the French aristocracy and the reactionary party. At their bidding they overwhelmed the Pope with letters imploring him "not to give way to the French Government"; and the Pope's *entourage* triumphantly referred to them as being the expression of the nation. At the time of the *Affaire*, journals like *La Croix*, the organs of the Vatican, tried to bring about civil war, and their efforts nearly proved successful. The same attempt is being made now, in a more desperate form. But France is on the alert. The country wants peace, and this effort on the part of the monks to once more arouse evil passions will meet with the treatment it deserves.

* * *

Compulsory Rest

The Weekly Rest Act, whilst giving satisfaction to a large section of the working population, does not meet with the approbation of the employers, many of whom are inclined to make the *entente cordiale* responsible for the loss the new Act will inflict upon their pockets. "The English," they say, "can teach us a few things; but in our desire to ape them, don't let us introduce in Paris the horrors of an English Sunday!" The gentlemen who thus express themselves are restaurant keepers and owners of cafés.

* * *

A Bad Look-out for Week-enders

Over two thousand of them held a meeting to discuss the new law, under the presidency of M. Marguery, the well-known restaurateur, whose "Sole *à la* Marguery" is as well known to Englishmen as Napoleon's tomb. M. Marguery, as might be expected, referred repeatedly to London, and mentioned incidentally that whilst the syndicate of English restaurateurs are devising the means of giving a little more life to the English Sabbath, here, in France, they are trying to kill that day outright. The new law is not a Sunday Closing Act—*i.e.* it does not require any establishments to be shut on that day. All it demands is that one day's rest per week should be allowed to the employées. The waiters, etc., of course, prefer to have their Sunday, in which

case their masters would have to replace them by other men. This, however, the restaurateurs do not like. They say they dare not risk losing their *clientèle* by allowing them to be served by unskilled hands, and that sooner than resort to these means they prefer closing their houses on Sundays and spending the day with their families. This, certainly, is a bad look-out for week-end visitors to Paris.

* * *

A Striking Story of Russian Life

The new edition of "A Mes Slaves," by Tola Dorian, has come at the right moment. The recent events in Russia have awakened the appetite for stories of Russian life, for the living pictures of the people in their mute sorrow, in their suffering, in the tragedy of their indifference, that Tola Dorian has painted in such vivid colours. The author has lived on the borders of the Dnieper she describes, has seen the herons drink and fly, the white herons that Domna saw as the river seized her as its prey, and threw her, beautiful, white and cold, on to the cruel points of its rocks. She has seen the four ladies of Kalouga, Trouville. Here on the sandy hills she has built her summer home, bordered by the wide expanse of sea and sky, and the shade of a sloping pine forest, sloping to acres of meadows, where the ponies play—her famous Shetlands that are spoilt like children. Everybody knows the great lady and her love for her horses and dogs, celebrated racers and sleek Russian deerhounds. But few to-day are admitted to her intimacy. She has a right to choose her associates and be difficult in her choice, she, who has been the friend of Victor Hugo and Swinburne, and has known all the men of note of her day. She has the refinement, the exquisite refinement, of the poet, doing all things, seeing all things, and seeing and doing beautifully. And all who approach her are impressed with her grace, her wit, her charm, her youth. Her eternal charm and eternal youth that age can never touch. Tola Dorian has written many books and many plays, and will write many more, let us hope, and all can be read by the thinking woman and girl. Although she treats universal subjects, they are touched with the hand of genius that cannot defile.

Cardinal Vannutelli

Photo Elliott and Fry

Cardinal Merry del Val

Cardinal Gotti

Three of the Pope's advisers, who have been active in the preparation of his recent encyclical, which has raised so much indignation among the French clergy and the nation at large

the *Demoiselles Waloff*, "*Leurs Supériorités*," as the peasants call them, who tell the poor people that the children found at their doors are sent by a Divine Providence, and force the wretched women to feed and clothe them, to adopt the orphans. Poor wrinkled peasants, old and tired before their time by their enforced maternity! One after another of these pictures rise before me of the intimate, heroic lives of this dogged, hardy people; of the beauties of their sacrifice; of the pain of it all. But no words of mine can give the sensation of life, of vigour, of weight; nor bring the country, the skies, the ideas, the superstitions before you. "A Mes Slaves" must be read and re-read; and the poetry penetrates, and the blood is whipped like strong salt breezes. You live as you read Tola Dorian. Every line is alive.

* * *

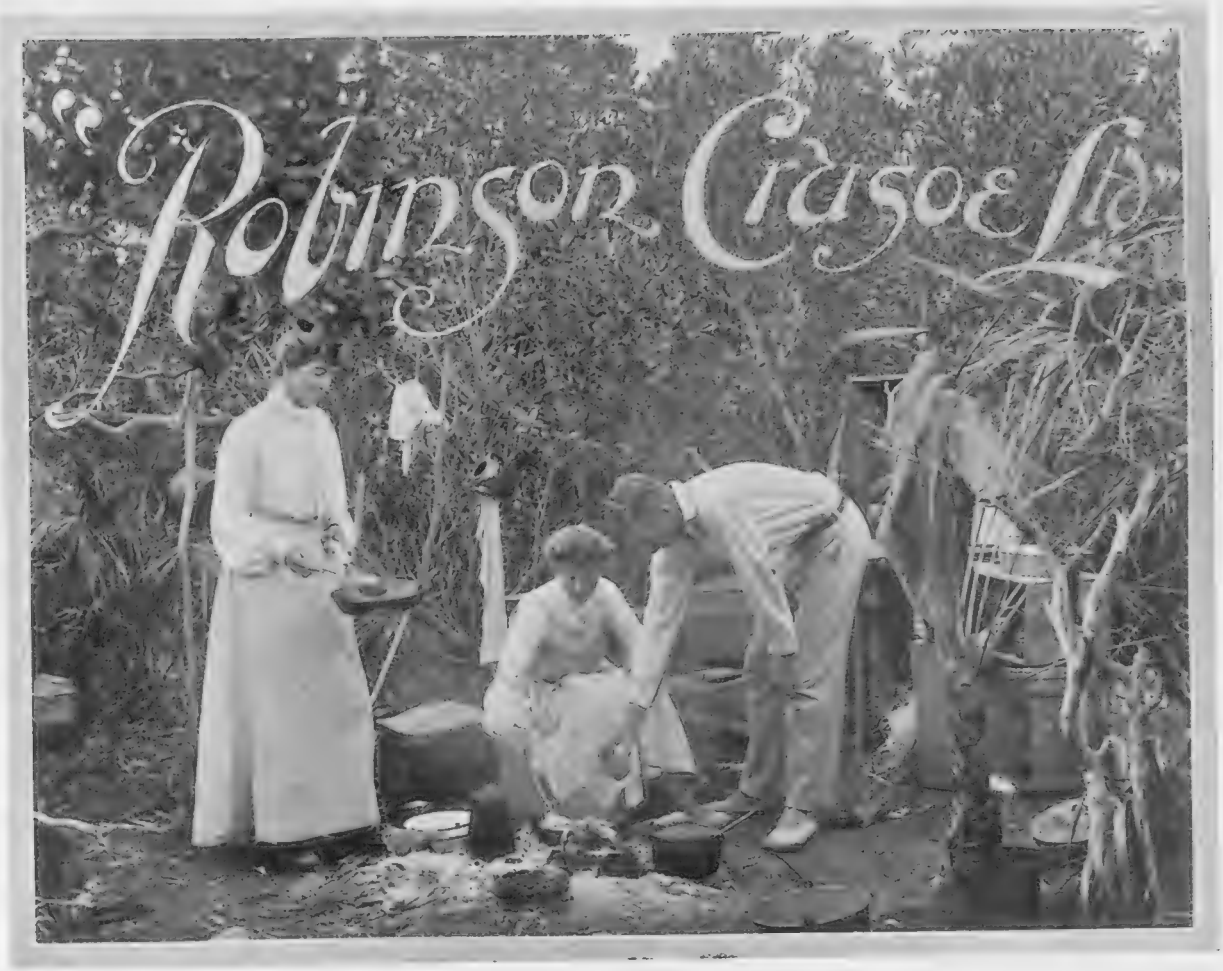
The Author

I met Madame Tola Dorian (Princesse Mestchersky) at Cobourg, a hamlet by the sea, not far from

Rodin's Luck

Talking of Tola Dorian involuntarily leads me to Rodin, for it was her introduction to Victor Hugo that helped him to fame. Rodin's luck is proverbial. That which might affect most men's reputation turns to advantage where it befalls him. When the municipality refused to accept his Balzac, the Press campaign that followed secured him a tremendous advertisement, and sensation-hunters besieged him from all parts of the world. To-day he has had another stroke of fortune. Until quite recently nobody knew that M. Rodin had made the statue of Rollinat, the late decadent poet. Suddenly, we are informed that the Rollinat family reject the work; possibly because they object to the Muse kissing the poet's brow. But now comes the parish priest of Fresselines, an enthusiast, who secures it for his church, where everybody now flocks to see it.

Lancelleyes



[*Being the second chapter of the true story of the experiences which befel a little party of worldlings—a fisherman ("Skipper"), his wife ("Cook"), his sister-in-law ("Kitchen-maid"), and the writer ("Scribe"), among the uninhabited islands of the Bahamas. Above is the "kitchen" where we became very adroit in serving up fish, our only means of sustenance except for a small store of tinned food.*]

II.—PLENTY OF WORK AND A LITTLE FISHING

I was awakened next morning by the sun streaming through the flap of my tent. The last words of the skipper the night before came into my head—"More work than play to-day." I lay on my camp-bed idly listening to the "cook" and "kitchen-maid" busily preparing breakfast. I caught the word "scribe," and gathered that my non-appearance had inspired remarks of an uncomplimentary nature. I tumbled hastily out of the camp-bed. "Cheero, skipper," I said. "What price a swim?"

"You'd better wait till we prospect a bit," came the answer; "there are plenty of sharks about in these waters."

At breakfast the skipper gave his orders for the day. The portion of the morning's labour allotted to me was the clearing away of an ants' nest, which was in too close proximity to our camp. Manfully wielding a shovel, I proceeded to my task, which was no light one, as the nest was over five feet high.

The whole morning was spent in unpacking and getting things ship-shape.

After a hasty luncheon we were free for fishing, and set out in our two boats.

Quantities of large fish of all sorts seemed eager to be caught. It seemed a paradise for fishermen. After the first bite came disillusion. I was just on the point of pulling in a big Porgie, when one of the sharks which had flocked round at the first appearance of bait, snapped up my catch. We got plenty of bites, but no matter how quick we were the sharks were just a shade quicker. After about half an hour of this kind of amusement we owned ourselves beaten.

"I don't see the fun of catching fish for the sharks which they are too lazy to catch for themselves," said the "cook" at length.

A gigantic ants' nest over five feet high

"*ROBINSON CRUSOE LTD.*"

The Shark the Best Fisherman

"We shall have to scare them away," said the skipper.

"By booing at them, I suppose?"

"Cheer up, scribe. No; pass over that bottle." He attached a line to the uncorked bottle, and hung it out of the boat to a depth of about ten feet. It made a fine scare-shark, and after that we enjoyed pretty good sport.

We stayed in this camp for several days, and had plenty of opportunity of fishing. We found that the bony fish gave us most sport with the rod. They are much appreciated by American fishermen on the West Coast of Florida. Round our island they were far less sophisticated, taking crab or conch bait freely. You stand up to the knees in water and cast out as far as possible without any lead, having previously thrown out churn, as they call ground-bait. A bite comes quickly, and directly the fish is struck he goes like a flash, and nothing can stop him for fifty yards. You have to bear the brunt of many such brilliant rushes and sprints before you land your catch—a handsome eight-pounder, silver all over—upon the sand. We discovered that nearly all the fish in these waters are armed. No matter how innocent they may appear, there is a hidden spike somewhere, and we all came in for accidents. On one occasion I was extracting a hook from a little, so-called turbot, when he got hold of my flesh between the thumb and finger and took a piece clean out. The more daring you were the more bites you received. Man Friday, after many disastrous experiences, adopted the plan of tackling the most savage-looking fish by the tails. A surgeon fish taught him that this method was as unsafe as any other. He received a terrible stab from a three-quarter inch spike lying flat to the side near the tail. This weapon can be set outwards at will, and with it the fish is said to rip out the livers of smaller fry upon whom it feeds.

Top-sail catfish and shovel shark

Top-sail catfish are repulsive scavengers. Shovel sharks are more rare than other varieties

Catfish and bream eating a dead grouper

Grouper live in holes in coral rocks; they grunt like pigs. Catfish are common scavengers, and eat anything, from cigar ends upwards. Bream, or sailors' choice, are neat, silvery striped fish, and eat most things

Just behind our camp lay the home of the land crabs, large, repulsive-looking, grey creatures, with round bodies and an especially large claw. They fatten on berries in the autumn, and are valued in the Bahamas as food. The only time they appeared on our menu they were not at all to our taste.

The island simply swarms with them and with the hermit crab. The latter

"*ROBINSON CRUSOE LTD.*"

Creepy-Crawlies in Camp

proved one of the least welcome of our nocturnal visitors. They used to make a fearful noise outside the tent scuttling about round a beaten track. Occasionally they effected an entrance, and then sleep was impossible until they had been ejected. It was their especial delight to make for a pile of old newspapers, where they would make a noise out of all proportion to their size. Many of these hermit crabs are no light weight in their borrowed shells, for an ambitious one will don the covering of a conch weighing over a pound. With this upon his back he spends the night trying to climb on the bed. When he gets almost up, he will lose his footing and fall with a fearful thud. The shock takes all the life out of him, and there is peace for awhile.

I fain would climb but that I fear to fall,

wrote Raleigh. Not so the hermit crab. By the time you have fallen asleep again he will have regained energy for another climb up the bed in a different place. This game will continue all night, unless he effects a landing, or you feel disposed in desperation to give him a leg up. Occasionally, however, he succeeds by himself and promptly gets into bed, where he tickles, so is no less promptly seized and thrown outside. They make excellent scavengers, but are too much in evidence. Neither land crabs nor hermits can live long in water. They appear to have adapted themselves entirely to a terrestrial life, and are quite at home high up in trees.

Lady-fish leaping

A bright, sporting, silvery fish. A great jumper when hooked, and is good eating

We soon became used to the vagaries of the land crabs in camp, but no amount of familiarity could lessen our horror of the centipedes, which ran to ten inches in length. A centipede on your pillow was quite enough to spoil an entire night's rest. Scorpions, too, though not plentiful, were sufficiently in evidence to be quite unpleasant. One night, turning round in bed, I received a vigorous stab. With a blood-curdling yell, I jumped out of bed. The skipper rushed in with a light, to find that my "scorpion" was only a quill tooth-pick!

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Sleeping under difficulties: Nocturnal visitors in our desert island

Familiarity did nothing to lessen our dislike of centipedes. The land and hermit crabs were less alarming, though the latter were annoying by reason of the noise they made scuttling round the room, and their clumsy efforts to get on the bed, resulting time after time in a heavy fall to the ground

Mr. George Edwardes and the Trust

Mr. George Edwardes has thrown down his gage, and if the American Theatrical Trust take it up we are promised some fun during the forthcoming season. By this time the British public is fully alive to the danger which threatens our stage Not long since, the methods of the American Trust were revealed in the British Press. An octopus was not the most terrible monster to which the Trust was likened. Imaginative writers went to "Revelations" in their search for similes. Then came the climax of the situation. Madame Sarah Bernhardt had been forced by the wicked Trust magnates to perform in a tent. The theatres were closed to her, and in self-defence she was forced to tour the country with a playhouse of canvas. It is but a step at times from the sublime to the ridiculous. In some quarters the plight of the French actress raised smiles in this country. While we abhorred the system which had meted out such ungenerous treatment to a distinguished foreign actress, its very ruthlessness brought about a state of affairs which was almost funny. Imagine the St. James's Theatre in the hands of the enemy and Mr. George Alexander land-grabbing at Plaistow in order to put up a booth.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. George Edwardes

Who has announced his intention of fighting the American Theatrical Trust in their endeavours to "seize" the London theatres

The Coming War

In the coming war the British public will be merely spectators—they can take no hand in the encounter. They will be the cake for which the lion and the unicorn fight. The issues are commercial issues with which playgoers have no concern. They go to the theatre to see the play, and it matters not twopence to them by whom the play is "presented." Of the blood shed about the manager's office prior to the production they take no heed. They see well-established favourites on the stage, and not a thought do they spare to the fact that these players have been filched by the offer of higher salaries from the management which has been the means of bringing them fame.

Public Apathy

This apparent apathy of the public to the issues of a mortal combat seems strange until we realise that a financial war is of but slight interest to those not financially concerned. The public judge the production on its merits. They regard it simply as a production to be seen or not to be seen, according to its interest. They can never regard it as a Waterloo or a Sedan for the producers.

In a war of boycott the public can take no part, because boycotting does not appeal to them. They cannot be expected to refrain from witnessing a new play, endowed with all the elements of success, because it represents a striking victory of the Trust over a hard-working English manager.

The Trust's Tactics

Moreover, the American Trust magnates are wise enough to study their new campaigning ground. They know exactly what weapons to employ in the task of capturing the English stage. An American player who had been "up against the Trust" told me they were far too clever to shock the susceptibilities of the English people by employing the tactics which had won them victory after victory in America. What he meant to convey was that the English people would be apathetic up to a point. But they would rally round their own managers if called upon. So in the event of a war of extermination we may hope to see English audiences following Mr. Alexander to Plaistow, while the deserted St. James's Theatre remains, a hollow trophy, in the hands of the victors. E. C. S.

The Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall

The series of Promenade Concerts, given nightly at Queen's Hall, continues to run an even course, and if it cannot be said that the band has yet touched the very high standard which it created for itself last year, yet doubtless, when the various members of the orchestra have been playing together for another week or two, they will achieve that perfect finish at which Mr. Wood is ever aiming. Of the novelties yet produced, Dr. R. Vaughan Williams's "Norfolk Rhapsody" has attracted the most attention; more recently, several compositions of Russian origin have been heard for the first time. The audiences at the Concerts already given have been numerous and appreciative. H. F.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE BYSTANDER

ACTORS WHO DRAW

MALE FAVOURITES OF THE LONDON STAGE

With Some Observations as to the Reason of their Respective Popularity

Assembled together in this Supplement are actors of all sorts and kinds, light and heavy, grave and gay, beautiful and—well—clever-looking, young and—er—mature, but all of them united in possessing unbounded popularity. For us to lay down any law as to which among them is most deserving of the public worship were invidious, though, of course, it must be plain to every man of any common sense that by far the best of the whole lot is—well, the reader knows perfectly well who is. It is *one* of those who are to be found in the pages which follow. We have made Mr. Tree the first of our pictures not so much because we rank him the highest, but for the obvious reason that the portrait of him we have been able, at great pains, to secure, makes an admirable subject for the title-page, and especially as, in our humble opinion, Malvolio, the costume in which it shows him, was one of the very best and prettiest of his impersonations. As to the others, some of the actors will be found portrayed in favourite rôles ; others in morning dress. The fancy people among them will be found chiefly on page 492, though, on second thoughts, we find Mr. Bourchier is among them. On third thoughts, however, this seems perfectly in order, for Mr. Bourchier, if not always funny on the stage, is generally exceedingly funny off it, especially when he tackles the ticklish task of making war against those vipers — the critics.

MR. TREE

(Drawn by S. Spurrier)

Who draws audiences as much by the force and cleverness of his acting as by the gorgeous nature of his productions. Mr. Tree is a strong advocate of Shakespeare embellished, and has often stoutly defended his policy against the objection of rigid "Shakespeareans." His best argument—though he is too modest to advance it—is that he makes Shakespeare pay, not "spell ruin." Playgoers are looking forward to the next production at His Majesty's, *The Winter's Tale*

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL

(1)

(2)

(3)

(4)

Photos (1 and 2) L. Caswall Smith; (3 and 4) Dover Street Studios

(1) MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON

Who is very popular with the less frivolous section of feminine playgoers by reason of his ascetic cast of countenance, which has so often been set off by priestly garb. Mr. Forbes-Robertson is gifted, by the way, with one of the most sonorous and musical voices on the stage

(2) MR. BASIL GILL

A romantic young actor with a large following among susceptible feminine playgoers. Mr. Gill has often played "juvenile leads" in Mr. Tree's productions, such as Ferdinand in *The Tempest*. He is not often seen out of costume plays

(3) MR. HENRY AINLEY

A young actor whose greatest success in the romantic line was as Paolo in Mr. Alexander's production of *Paolo and Francesca* at the St. James's Theatre. Mr. Ainley has a very pretty gift for comedy, and many maintain that his playing of the dentist in Bernard Shaw's *You Never Can Tell* is one of his cleverest performances

(4) MR. H. B. IRVING

Who has a veritable host of admirers prepared to go and see him, and admire him in any rôle, whether it be the elderly man of the world in *Mauricette* or the brooding young Prince of Denmark. Mr. H. B. Irving is just about to start for America, where his repertory will include some of the rôles in which his father achieved fame, notably Mathias in *The Bells*

The Prince of Romantic Actors

Photo] *MR. LEWIS WALLER* *[Ellis and Walery*

Who is *facile princeps* in the school of romantic actors. It would be almost indelicate to hazard a guess at the amount of money he could "draw" into a house on any given evening. Henry V. is admitted, both by his admirers and by more discerning critics, to be Mr. Waller's finest performance. In this part he is without a rival to-day

Light Comedy Actors Who Draw

Photos

MR. SEYMOUR HICKS

One of the most energetic and one of the most engaging light comedians of the day. His energy is a byword. In his hard-working company he always works the hardest. He has never been known to have an "off" night like other actors. On the most stifling evening of summer, one of his bounding entrances is sufficient to galvanise the most apathetic audience into attention

Ellis and Walery

MR. GERALD DU MAURIER

A young actor for whom a great career is predicted. The men like him because he is "so jolly easy and natural in everything he does," while the women say that "his personality is too absolutely fascinating." Mr. du Maurier has enjoyed almost an unbroken line of successes since the days of *Trilby*, when he appeared as Dodor

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

MR. HADYN COFFIN

Who, for many years, has appeared in light opera in a succession of suitable parts. Mr. Coffin is often set to task for his "mannerisms" (which are not so pronounced as people make out). He is, however, before all and above all, an artist

Photo *Bassano*

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN.

Best known of stage "bloods." Mr. Grossmith is one of the most brilliant of Gaiety "stars," and in conjunction with Mr. Payne has done much to keep up the merriment of a long line of musical comedies. He has recently developed a pretty knack of writing

Five Versatile Actors

Photo, Lafayette, Dublin

MR. CYRIL MAUDE

An actor with a fine talent for drawing tears from an audience by his pathos, which is never in the slightest degree maudlin. (This is not meant to be a pun.) Mr. Maude would take a high place in a competition, entitled, "Who is our most versatile actor?" He has a most extensive gallery of parts—mainly "finicky" and very lovable old gentlemen

Photo, Ellis and Walery

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER

An actor who "bouches" through a fine wide range of parts. He is not *toujours Bourchier*, and is so gifted in the difficult art of disguising his personality that it is often some time after his first appearance before an audience is aware of his identity. Mr. Bourchier has been seen to good advantage in the character of a bluff, loud-spoken, domineering personality, with a touch of the bully in him

Photo
Biograph Studio

Photo *E. H. Mills*

MR. GRANVILLE BARKER

Who e talents have been the means of establishing a distinct cult among playgoers for the Court Theatre. Mr. Barker has rather a subtle vein of humour, in which traces may be found of the Shavian influence. *The Voysey Inheritance* marks him out as likely to make a name among dramatists

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER

At the risk of making invidious distinctions, one must write down Mr. Alexander as the biggest "draw" of any English-speaking actor. His personality has been the means of making the St. James's Theatre the resort *par excellence* of fashionable circles. Mr. George Alexander is equally at home in modern comedy and costume plays. It would be difficult to find a play which suited him as *The Prisoner of Zenda*

Photo *R. W. Thomas*

MR. OSCAR ASCHE

Who, in conjunction with his clever wife (Miss Lily Brayton), succeeded in drawing goodly audiences into the Adelphi Theatre, where with Mr. Otho Stuart, they established themselves about two years ago. Mr. Asche's burly figure has been displayed of late in robust Shakespearean rôles

COMEDIANS ONE AND ALL

MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT

Mr. Huntley Wright, after a brief career on his own, has returned to the George Edwardes' productions. Mr. Wright is the life and soul of any piece which he happens to adorn, and has been an established favourite for many years

MR. EDMUND PAYNE

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Edmund Payne, one of the biggest "draws" at the Gaiety, where almost every principal has a large following of admiring playgoers. Mr. Payne is about as droll as they make 'em, "ethpethially when he lithpth"

Photo *L. C. Smith*

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER

We find that Mr. Bourchier's parts are so varied that we must fain include him in this page too

MR. G. P. HUNTLEY

Mr. G. P. Huntley is one of the most amusing comedians on the stage to-day. His manner is all his own, and, if it can be described at all, consists in an assumption of the most engaging stupidity. Mr. Huntley had a long career in the Provinces before his talents burst upon delighted Londoners. In *Three Little Maids* he had a scene by himself on the stage which lasted about twenty minutes. This is no light achievement

MR. WALTER PASSMORE

Mr. Walter Passmore is an old Savoyard, who, in musical comedy, has not found the rôles so worthy of his talents as he formerly enjoyed. Mr. Passmore has a dry and sparkling humour, and a much better singing voice than the average comedian

Worldly Short Story No. 39

A PAGE FROM THE PEERAGE

By LEWIS MOLYNEUX

TO WORLDLY READERS

Any of our readers who have written stories which they think would be suitable for our Worldly Series are invited to send in their Manuscripts, which must be typewritten. A story by an unknown writer will receive just as much consideration as though it had been written by one of the most celebrated authors of the day, and, if accepted, will be liberally remunerated. Only good stories are wanted!

OUT on to the gravelled terrace that spread before the noble doors of Windside, Bittesden, Kent, walked Harry David Dowding, son of the Reverend David Dowding, M.A. This fresh-coloured, squarely built young man was, apparently, in the throes of an ungovernable temper. He puffed at his pipe furiously, and petulantly kicked at the lawn border of the path. The gardener, hedge-trimming an acre away, quivered convulsively at each kick, and wished that the good Lord would once more find the destructive youth a billet at the theatre, and rescue the gardens of Windside from inevitable wreck.

In the eyes of a townsman Harry certainly deserved sympathy. Though his father—a pre-ritual prude, and the only man in his diocese who reverenced the Bishop—had inherited great wealth, he was tireless in his endeavours to persuade the volatile Harry to take cloth, and probably never spent a more miserable week in his life than that which followed the boy's enlistment, two days after he came down finally from Oxford, with a theatrical company touring that mobile drama *Scarlet Sin*. Mr. Dowding besought his son by means of painfully emotional letters to leave the "vice-tainted atmosphere of the green-room," and vividly contrasted his behaviour with that of the Bishop's son, Archie Wedlake, who was delighting his father by his enthusiasm for ecclesiastical study. The reverend gentleman even volunteered to abandon the idea of making him a Clerk in Holy Orders, for he came to the conclusion, after a little self-examination, that his anxiety to make Harry a clergyman was inspired by a selfish determination that his son should not get more pleasure out of life than he, himself, had got. And this, sad to say, is generally the motive of the parent who exhorts the son to follow in his father's footsteps. But the prayers of Mr. Dowding, senior, were of no avail, while Mrs. Dowding was surreptitiously supplying her boy with money, and Harry only returned to Windside at the end of the tour.

He had now been for three long summer months in the beautiful house, which his father had purchased from a millionaire army tutor, and he was heartily sick of the sleepy monotony of the country. That evening at the dinner-table both he and his father had lost their tempers. A letter had arrived for Harry offering him a good part in a good play with an exceptionally bad company at an insignificant salary. There was nothing very attractive in the offer, but its acceptance meant for Harry almost resurrection from the dead. He boldly broached the subject at once. The argument was very short and to the point. If Harry did not drop all connection with the stage, he would never again set his foot at Windside. Briefly, he would be disinherited, and would he mind ringing the bell?

Harry cursed his fate bitterly as he looked across the gardens and along the white road trickling through a green forest of hops to the life-forsaken village of Bittesden and its sanctimonious inn. Wherever in the whole pre-historic county could he find some excitement?

He pushed the gate open, and started with an exclamation of pleasure at the sight which met his eyes. Hidden from the house by the eight-foot privet hedge, and lying stationary at the side of the road, was a large and handsomely equipped motor-car. There were two ladies on the back seat, one of whom, Dowding reckoned, would be about forty-five, and look thirty-five in artificial light, and the other was a charming young girl of twenty, or even less. The elder woman was uncommonly handsome, and the girl had a piquant, dainty face, with wide, soft eyes. Both women wore an expression of infinite boredom, which immediately disappeared on Dowding's arrival. A man was lying prone under the car, evidently trying to discover the cause of the breakdown.

Dowding walked straight up to the party and was met with welcoming smiles.

"I suppose you have had an accident," he said. "Can I help your chauffeur at all?"

"You are very kind," said the elder woman. "I am afraid, though, that we cannot repair it without the proper tools. We have been here nearly an hour and a half, and it looks as if we shall never get back to London to-night."

"Oh, I daresay we shall be able to patch it up," said Dowding, determining to make no attempt to do anything of the sort.

"Oh, no you won't," laughed the girl. "We shall have to stay at the inn. It's dreadfully improper. You ask the—the chauffeur." The man had by this time struggled out.

Another "Worldly Story" next week

(All rights strictly reserved)

"It's very decent of you, I'm sure," he said. "But I've had three or four looks at it, and I reckon it's half a day's job even with the proper tools."

"Well, I suppose you know more about it than I do. But you can never stop at the inn. The accommodation is shocking. My name's Dowding, my father is the Vicar here, you know. We shall be delighted to put you up, I'm sure." The ladies protested that it was really too sweet of him, that it was quite unnecessary, and that his father would be sure to think them a terrible nuisance. Dowding laughingly went off to fetch the Vicar. He found him sitting in the conservatory, reading. Mrs. Dowding was writing out the prize lists for the village flower show which took place on the following day. The old gentleman received his son's story very testily, but at his wife's suggestion he went out to see the stranded motorists.

Dowding presented his father and mother, and the fair occupants of the car, who had now dismounted, introduced themselves as Lady and Miss St. Smith. Immediately the Vicar and his wife realised that they were talking to ladies of title they vied with their son in begging them at least to stay the night. The chauffeur was busy packing up tools in the hedge, and Dowding was surprised to see that he had resumed his goggles.

"You surely have not repaired it after all," he said. Her Ladyship laughed.

"No. We're in just as bad a plight as ever. But we really cannot presume on your kindness. We can easily stay at the inn, and I'm sure it cannot be as bad as you say." Dowding was keenly disappointed to detect an earnestness in Her Ladyship's manner which denoted that she really would prefer to spend the night at the inn, but eventually their united entreaties prevailed, and to the somewhat inexplicable disgust of the chauffeur the Vicar delightedly led the way to the dining-room.

Lady St. Smith explained that they had been waiting for her son. A passing cyclist had told them they could get a mechanist at a place about two miles along the road, and Dick had tramped off to find it. Obviously Dick had lost his way, or he would be back long before now. Harry was promptly despatched by his father to instruct the servants to keep a look-out for the pilgrim.

Once outside, Harry paused in a meditative mood. Then he turned and descended to the servants' premises. He found the chauffeur trying to persuade the prettiest of the housemaids, who had found a resting-place on the chauffeur's knee, to taste just the tiniest drop of the cook's cooking brandy. As Harry entered he dropped the housemaid and held on to the brandy.

"Easy all, my man," said Harry. "That's a deuced cheeky way to start. It would suit you better if you stood outside, and kept an eye open for Mr. St. Smith." The chauffeur finished the brandy.

"Mr.——who?" he said.

"Your master, thick-head. Go and smoke your pipe in the garden, and look out for him. You can have some supper presently, but try and behave yourself. And what's your name?"

"W—Walker," said the chauffeur.

Harry trudged upstairs, and stopped again outside the dining-room door. Then he turned on his heel and went into the library. He lit the gas, and reached for Burke's Peerage off a dusty shelf. There appeared to be no one in the peerage, knightage, or companionage of the name of St. Smith. Harry was very young, but he was not surprised. He sat down, lit a cigar, and put his feet on the table.

It was a distinctly embarrassing situation. Who were they? True, the Peerage was two years old. But there were no millionaire St. Smiths, no brewer St. Smiths. Of course, there never was, there never could be a St. Smith. He got up to try the Army List, but remembered that it was in the dining-room. He did not like the look of Her Ladyship close to—she looked to be artificially fattened. Had he made a silly mistake, and how was it to be rectified? Obviously impossible to kick them out, and extremely improbable that the Vicar could be made to understand. He strode up and down the room. Possibly they were perfectly delightful people engaged in some harmless escapade, and had simple reasons of their own for concealing their identity. He laughed at his fears, and determined to make the better acquaintance of the charming Enid, whom Providence had apparently thrown in his lap to beguile a few of the tedious hours of Windside.

As he passed through the hall, he noticed some new cards on the tray. Here it was—as damning as daylight. Lady St. Smith, Miss St. Smith, St. Martin's Lane, and a telephone number! The sweat stood out on Dowding's forehead. Suddenly he dashed back into the library, seized the Burke, and tore out the page on which the in-illustrious name of St. Smith has not yet appeared. He put the book back, and returned to the dining-room, crunching Her Ladyship's cards in his pocket.

The Vicar had put on his glasses, and was examining a pink Monthly Army List. It had transpired that Her Ladyship's son, Dick, was a subaltern in the Guards.

"Ah, here we are," he said. "Page 494, Grenadier Guards. Davies, Byrch, Battye, Strong—St. Smith, St. Smith? I don't see a St. Smith."

Her Ladyship sprang to his side, laughing.

"N—no, that is him," she said, pointing to a name. "You see, I was a Mrs. Kennett before I married Sir John."

The Vicar beamed at the vivacious lady over his spectacles.

"How truly delightful and how very extraordinary," said he. "Old Bob Kennett, the boy's father, was at Winchester with me, and it was only a month ago that I happened to catch a glimpse of him at Charing Cross Station. I don't think he knew me again, though."

Harry held his breath, and watched the woman with fierce intensity. She had turned her head away, and seemed to be looking into the vista of years. There was even a semblance of a tear in her eye.

"We lived a very unhappy life," she explained, twisting a bangle at her wrist.

"Dear me, dear me," said the Rev. Mr. Dowding, clearing his throat. "But I should be the last person to harshly criticise what I have no doubt was inevitable. I remember that he was a reckless youth at school."

Mrs. Dowding, who was apparently very nervous, made an attempt to change the conversation.

(Continued on page 496)

The Coming of Autumn

Photo *Ward Muir*

THE APPLE HARVEST

Though the yield of plums this season has been far from satisfactory, the apple harvest is well above the average

(Continued from page 494)

"How proud you must be of your soldier-brother, Miss St. Smith," she said, her eyes roaming appreciatively over the girl's pretty figure.

"Yes, I'm sure I am," said the girl. "But, you see, he is so much abroad. We haven't seen him now since——"

"He has just returned from two years' duty in India," interrupted Her Ladyship.

"But the Guards never leave home," said Harry, cuttingly, and he rose from his seat. The Vicar apparently was not listening. Mrs. Dowding got up and rang for a maid to show the ladies to their rooms. Before they went, the girl crossed to Harry's side.

"I do wish you'd show me your lovely gardens," she said. "I caught such a tantalising glimpse of them as we came in. Before it's dark, you know—or after." Harry looked down into her eyes and stammered. At length he made it clear that he would be delighted.

. . . .

The supper served for the benefit of the two strangers proved to be a most convivial meal. Harry in particular helped himself to some of the best wines at Windside, and a suspicion suggested to that young man by some old Madeirâ became a conviction with the liqueur brandy, that other people's business was particularly and peculiarly their own. He wholeheartedly agreed that people should be judged solely as one found them, and that to dispute anyone's status and breeding in the absence of completely convincing evidence was positively boorish, if not malicious. When he rose from the table, he hastened to invite Miss St. Smith to look round the gardens.

It was a glorious, starry night, and the two young people, suddenly plunged from the gay room into the silver hush, walked for some way in silence.

"You must not talk loud," presently whispered the girl. "You will wake all the little birds. Take me to a cosy, rustic seat, and repeat some nice poetry to me. 'St. Agnes' Eve' would do beautifully." She laid her hand on his arm.

He put his hand up to hers, and somehow their hands remained joined. There was no rustic seat, but Harry promised emotionally to lead her to a belt of trees where there was a garden roller with room for two. The girl laughed, and seemed to move closer to him. They sauntered slowly over the soft lawns, and Harry silently cursed his ignorance of Keats. There was not room for two on the roller. Harry sat down, and the girl, imploring him not to look, drew up her skirt, and sat on her petticoats at his feet. She wriggled into what appeared to Harry to be a shape somewhat resembling a letter Z. The top part of the letter leant against his knee.

"Now begin some poetry," she said, looking up at him.

"What sort shall it be, Enid?" The girl did not answer.

Harry laid his hand on her hair, and repeated the exquisite scene from "The Golden Legend," where Prince Henry tells his love to Elsie on the ramparts of the Rhine Castle. There was a long silence when he had finished the lines. Harry suddenly felt that he wanted very badly to smoke. A movement of the girl's head attracted him. His hand accidentally touched her cheek, and a hot tear fell upon it. He sank on his knees and raised her face to his.

"What is the matter, little girl?" She gently pushed him away, and dried her eyes on her lace petticoat. Harry helped her up, and they turned back towards the house.

"You must not go into the drawing-room with tearful eyes," said Harry presently. "They will think all sorts of dreadful things. Come round to the back, and I will show you where you can bathe your face with water." He led the way to an outhouse by the stables where there was a sink with water laid on, and towels hanging up. He lit the gas and closed the door. Enid let the water run through her hands, and bathed her eyes with evident pleasure. Harry seized the only dry towel and dried her hands and face tenderly. He kissed her on her still wet lips, and she laid her wet hands on his shoulders as she kissed him back. Enid sighed when she realised that her hands were really quite dry, and softly pulled the door open. The gentle tones of the night contrasted strangely with the garish brilliancy of the gas flare in the outhouse. The girl shut the door sharply.

"Give me something to smoke," she said to Harry. He handed her his case, and she climbed up and lit a cigarette at the gas. After a few puffs, she opened the door again, and went back with him to the house. As they mounted the slope leading to the front door, Enid St. Smith was laughing heartily.

The young couple might have guessed that the conversation of their elders would have been devoted to them. Mr. Dowding bewailed his son's erratic behaviour to a most sympathetic listener in Lady St. Smith.

"It has always been my earnest desire that he should enter the Church," he explained. "And his conduct is in such sad contrast to that of Dr. Wedlake's boy. Do you know the Bishop of Tonbridge? He is a most capable and charming man, and his son promises so well. He was only praising him to me a week ago. Young Archibald Wedlake is studying in London now, you know, Emily," he added, turning to his wife. "The boy is so enthusiastic over his work, and, I believe, talks of nothing but the chance of getting an East End parish. It is very trying that we should be so unfortunate with Harry."

Lady St. Smith was eloquently sympathetic, and delicately suggested that Master Harry might yet change his mind. She thought that his tone and pose were decidedly ecclesiastical, and the Vicar found her words very soothing.

In the morning the chauffeur was sent for a motor-mechanist, and it was decided to spend the afternoon at the flower show. As they stood on the steps waiting for the carriage the chauffeur returned accompanied by two men. One carried a bag of tools, and was obviously the required workman, and the other, a tall, sunburnt young fellow, proved to be Mr. Kennett. He had, as was expected, missed his way on the preceding night, and been compelled to put up at a farmhouse. Enid St. Smith ran down to the gate to meet them, and walked up to the house engaged in earnest conversation with her brother.

Mr. Kennett cordially thanked the Vicar and his wife for their great kindness. No, there was nothing that he wanted, he had eaten a late breakfast—unless

(Continued on page 498)

"Is it fun having the men to teach you swimming?"
"Fun! Why, rather! I've been taught five times"

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD

(Continued from page 496)

Mr. Dowding could lend him a razor. Harry laughingly led the way to his bedroom, and the ladies drove off with Mr. Dowding, senior.

Harry took Kennett into the dining-room when he had had his shave, and poured out a whisky and soda.

A large portrait of an ecclesiastical gentleman hung by the mantlepiece. It caught Kennett's eye.

"May I ask who this is?" he inquired.

"Oh, that's Dr. Wedlake, the Bishop of the Diocese, you know. Have you met him?"

"Yes, once or twice. Have you?"

"Yes, once, I think. But I dislike Bishops, and particularly this one. I get his paragon of a son thrown at my head so often."

"You're not in for the Church, then?"

"No, but I believe I might have been if I'd not been brought up in the atmosphere. Oxford always makes you discontented. You'll find that cigar cabinet open, I think."

The men walked down to the flower show together. Harry successfully bracketed Kennett with the pretty daughter of a wealthy builder who lived in the district, and himself appropriated Enid. He soon led her away from the crowded lawns to the banks of a beautiful pool that lay in another part of the grounds. Enid did not seem averse to being led away, though once she asked if he knew of another garden roller. Harry, whose moods were very determined, had a mission to perform, one that he had conceived in the hours of the preceding night. They sat down on a green bank of turf, and Enid deftly arranged her frock. Harry chewed some spear grass, and watched her absorbedly.

"Do you feel like reciting again?" presently inquired Enid, mischievously.

"By daylight I remember nothing but nursery rhymes," said Harry. The girl looked sharply at him, caught the expression of his face, and started humming softly to herself.

Presently, she spoke of the accident to the car, of the distance to the station. Then she wondered if their overnight telegrams had reached the right addresses, and spoke a little enthusiastically of the gaiety of London evenings at that period. Harry carefully maintained the conversation on the lines she chose, and never opened a new topic. Once Enid yawned. They had been there an hour when suddenly the girl took off her hat. She sat up on the grass, and locked her hands round her knees.

"I do believe there are fish in that pond," she said. "How very sick they must get of such a little world." Harry was wounded.

"They can never understand your sympathy," he blurted out. Enid laughed heartily.

"No, and it would be ludicrous to patronise a pike." She fumbled under her skirts for a handkerchief, rubbed her little nose hard with it, and lay back on the grass, looking at him. Harry moved perceptibly nearer, and she lazily closed her eyes. He bent over her, and brushed something off her shoulder.

"There are ants in the grass," he said. "You will get them in your hair." Enid put on her hat, and said she would like to go and see the prize flowers.

They separated in the tent, and did not meet again until the Vicar decided to return for dinner. Enid discovered that she had left her parasol down by the pool, and together they went to fetch it. The sun was setting, and the Western sky was piled with blush roses. Enid stood by the water, gazing at the beautiful smudge.

"Well, and what can you see?" said Harry.

"Open-work silk stockings. Do you see the little lines of pink flesh peeping through the crimson silk? And all around is a retinue of old rose frills and laces." Harry was highly amused.

"Nonsense," he said. "Petticoats in the sky?"

"The spirit of twilight is woman," said Enid.

"But not her clothes." The girl was standing close and in front of him. She bent her head back, and looked into his face.

"Nature teaches temptation," said Enid. Her skin was rosy in the sunset glow, but her red lips were still bright and prominent. Her eyes were half shut, she almost seemed to sway. He quickly put his arm round her, and kissed her lips heavily.

"Now, confound it all," said Harry, "come and have some dinner." Enid swung her parasol gaily round and round, and took long strides to keep pace with him. Before they emerged again on the lawn she suddenly stopped and laid a detaining hand on Harry's arm.

"Why are you so fierce?" she asked. He did not reply.

"You guess our—our—er, status, I imagine. What has that got to do with it? We shall never see you after to-morrow. Don't you like me?"

"I like you very much, but, as you say, I guess."

"I thought so. I like you immensely. You are something very strange and new. Will you give me something to remember you by?" A protest rose to Harry's lips, but the girl's pleading beauty dazzled his brain. He ransacked his pockets and gave her a small metal cigarette-case. It was not till later that he recollected that it bore his name and address.

On reaching the house, they found the car had been neatly repaired, and the Vicar promptly expressed his keen regret at having to lose his charming visitors in the morning, a sentiment which was cordially re-echoed by his wife—after dinner.

Harry was a poor sleeper, and was readily awakened at midnight by a noisy altercation which seemed to be taking place on the terrace in the front of the house. He slipped on a dressing-gown, and, stepping quietly downstairs, opened the front door. Outside was Walker, the chauffeur, abominably drunk, supported by the two village policemen. They had arrested the man, it appeared, on two separate counts. Firstly, the accused had, with his walking-stick, whacked down all the Japanese lanterns on the path leading into the flower-show grounds, and, secondly, he had deliberately walked into the band and overturned the cornet soloist in the middle of "The Lost Chord," so help them God. The chauffeur indicated that he had never met two liars to whom he was more inseparably devoted, and forthwith proceeded to embrace both officers. Choking with laughter, Harry dragged the man inside, and dismissed the policeman with the promise of a substantial bribe in the morning. With some difficulty he dragged the incapable Walker to a bedroom and helped him to pull off his clothes. Some letters fell out of the man's pocket in the

(Continued on page 500)

"Bystander Everywhere" Competition

(*For Particulars of this Competition, see page* xii)

"The Bystander" in New Zealand

Sent by Mr. J. Buckland, Akaroa, New Zealand, who says: "The paper is being read at the base of monument which marks the spot where the British flag was first hoisted on the Middle Island in 1840. There was a race between an English and a French ship, and the former won by half an hour"

"The Bystander" in French Senegal

Dr. M. Allardy, Médecin-Major de Poste de Onaghodougon, Haut Sénégal and Niger, writes: "In the photo I am sitting under a baobab tree, a native of this region, which often grows to an immense size. I should be glad if you would send me THE BYSTANDER instead of the ordinary prize." We are, therefore, sending THE BYSTANDER for four months free, and we shall be glad to do this in the case of other foreign prizewinners if desired

"The Bystander" in Mysore

Miss V. Brett, Koppa, Mysore Province, India, to whom is awarded the 10*s.* 6*d.* prize for this photograph, writes: "This picture shows THE BYSTANDER being read by one of our boys seated on a native bullock cart on the Hutton Kotigi Coffee Plantation, Koppa, Mysore"

(*Continued from page 498*)

process, and Harry caught a glimpse of the name and address that they bore. He gasped at the revelation afforded, but, once back in his own bedroom, had to smother an attack of uncontrollable laughter in the pillow.

There was a most cordial leave-taking on the following morning. Mr. Kennett took Harry aside, gave him a card which bore the name of Maddick, 16th Hussars, and invited him to call at the Bread and Butter Club.

"But who's he?" asked Harry, pointing to the chauffeur, now again arrayed in motor-coat and goggles.

"Oh, he's—he's the chauffeur."

Enid bade him good-bye with a warm pressure of the hand, and a merry twinkle in her eye. Her Ladyship trusted she would have the pleasure of seeing him again shortly. Harry felt relieved when the car was buried in a cloud of dust.

"Upon my word," said Mr. Dowding, senior, "when one meets such charming people of the world as these, I am not so surprised, Harry, at your aversion to the clerical life."

"How very odd," replied Harry. "It is precisely that sort of person who tempts me to think that I have a religious vocation."

. . . . .

Some years after, the Rev. Harry Dowding sat at his writing-table, with a crumpled page torn from "Burke's Peerage" before him. In its strict alphabetical order he wrote in the name of St. Smith, and along the margin, in close writing, the following :—

Dear Archie,—I have just gone through a harrowing experience, for which you are largely responsible. In a raid at some West-End mansions recently a miscellaneous collection of valuable property was discovered, which the police at the time wrongfully regarded as stolen. I have been summoned to London—I, mark you, the Rev. Henry Dowding, B.A., Vicar of Bittesden for now full three months—to identify a cigarette-case bearing my name and address, and to give evidence as to how it came into a very fascinating prisoner's possession. I had to explain that I, the Rev. Henry Dowding, gave it to her, Enid St. Smith, *demi-mondaine*, as a present when she was staying at my Vicarage! The reporters mercifully slurred over my name, or the consequences might have been awful. The magistrate sternly inquired the respective dates of the charmer's visit and my taking Orders, and talked abysmal nonsense about reaping wild oats. Does the amended page of "Burke's Peerage" herewith suggest anything to you? Could you, or that abominably off-hand subaltern friend of yours, Maddick, supply, if only in the interests of genealogy, details of this ancient family's history for the next edition? You might motor down for the week-end. We won't billet you on the kitchen this time, though you deserve it. Why ever should I have been punished for your silly sins?—Yours affectionately, HARRY.

The envelope was addressed to Archibald Wedlake, Esq., Lloyd's, E.C. LEWIS MOLYNEUX.

Phyllis Court Club

The last band of the season played at the Phyllis Court Club on Sunday week, when those of the members who have not already gone away turned up to enjoy one more delightful afternoon listening to the music under the shade of the fine old trees, or on the tiled verandah which has proved so popular this summer. The season has been a most successful one, and the committee is shortly to meet to consider the construction of more bedrooms adjoining the Club-house and many other schemes for the development of this popular new Club.

Amongst those of the members who entertained at the Club this season are:—The Duke and Duchess of Manchester, the Viscount and Viscountess Churchill, the Earl and Countess of Orford, the Earl and Countess of Clanwilliam, the Hon. and Mrs. Edward Stonor, the Viscount and Viscountess Massereene, Lord Castletown, the Earl and Countess of Buckinghamshire, Lord Camoys, Colonel and Mrs. Douglas Dawson, Sir Algernon and Lady Legard, Lord and Lady Braye, Mr. William Gillett, the Marquise D'Hautpoul, Mr. Montagu Guest, the Master of Elibank, Mr. and Lady Evelyn Giffard, the Viscount and Viscountess Kelburn, and Count Paul Metternich. The Club will not be closed for the season until October 8.

ON THE NORTHUMBERLAND MOORS

Photo *Willoughby*

Drawing numbers at the butts before a shoot

The names, reading from left to right, are: Mr. W. G. Markham, Mr. Basil Hoare, Dr. Harper, Mr. W. Markham, Mr. Leonard Willoughby, the Hon. W. Armstrong, Mr. Laver Fenwick, Dr. Fenwick, and Mr. Fenwick Clennell

Some Hints for Indifferent Shots

By LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

"Qui S'Excuse S'Accuse"

Apropos of this very true old saying, how frequently it happens that when men shoot badly, they offer unnecessary excuses for their shortcomings. Most shooting-men know these old excuses, which are served up with great regularity each season. One man will tell you, "If I miss my first bird, I am done for, for the rest of the day." Another will blame his gun, or his cartridges, or, perhaps, powder; while others find ready excuses whereby blame can be taken from themselves and put on to someone or something else. I wonder if men who find their shooting indifferent ever remember that most games in which the eye and the hand has to act in unison with nerve and steadiness, require practice. Take cricket, football, tennis, billiards, and other games, all of which require a great amount of quickness of eye and nerve. Men who excel in these are men who have given much time and attention to practice before they attained mastery.

Photo *Willoughby*

On Lord Armstrong's Moors at Debden

The Hon. W. Armstrong and Mr. L. Willoughby in the line of the butts

The Occasional Shot

Now in shooting, how many men are there who take any practice before the season commences? I can say at once there are a good many, and these are nearly all really good shots — men who have already great reputations as brilliant shots. They realise the necessity of practice after a lapse of many months non-shooting, and the result is that, when the "12th" or "1st" comes round, they are able to keep up their reputations. If a man is really keen on shooting, he is anxious to be a good shot, and if this is so, he must practise. There are so many and easy ways of practising shooting that everyone can take advantage of the opportunities offered without interfering with their daily duties. Take, for instance, the business man, who gets occasional days' shooting. They are usually keen on sport — often much keener than the country man, who is "fed up" with shooting —but they may find themselves shooting indifferently when they would like to shine.

Want of Practice is the Solution

The simplest and easiest thing for those men to do is to follow the example of our crack shots, who go down to the shooting grounds, or schools, which are handy to town. I myself frequently run down and practise at "pheasants," "partridges," "grouse," and "rabbits." These, I may add, are inanimate and made of clay. The benefit I always derive well repays the trifling expense, and I find I am able to do my share when it comes to real business.

Shooting Schools

Then, too, those in charge of the schools are men who will find out your weak points. A man may shoot badly—rank badly, in fact—for years, till he gets quite disheartened, and thinks he will "chuck it." I know many such cases, and I have advised a trial of a school before giving up hope. The result has invariably been the same; a fault has been discovered by these keen-eyed, capable instructors at the schools, and the fault once discovered, the remedy is soon forthcoming. Then the forlorn one begins to find himself shooting better, and still better, till at length he finds himself holding his own with others in the "field," and once again he is an ardent gunner.

And All This with So Little Trouble

There are quite a number of things which may cause indifferent shooting, any one of which is more than enough to spoil your enjoyment. Of course, there is the man who goes out to shoot to *walk*, he is happy as long as he can *walk*, and the shooting part is only an incident of the *walk*. We must let him pass. But he who really wishes to take his position and to rank as a shot should undoubtedly consult his shooting "doctor." I can assure brother patients that the remedies adopted are not at all unpleasant — quite the reverse, and the cure is certain. A gun must fit one like a coat, and this is one of the first and most important points. The strength of the eyes must be tested—*i.e.*, as to whether one eye is stronger than the other, so that, in case the left one is stronger than the right, the cast-off of the gun may be adjusted. Once the gun is truly fitted, the indifferent shot is on the road to recovery, and then practice will do the rest.

But pray do not make excuses for your shortcomings, which are only secretly laughed at by others; but take my advice, as one who has tried it. Keep silent, quietly go to a shooting school, and "stand not upon the order of your going—but go at once."

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books to Order this Week

"Tally Ho!" By Helen Mathers. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"The Viper of Milan." By Marjorie Bowen. (Alston Rivers: 6*s.*)
"Stories of Strange Women." By J. Y. F. Cooke. (John Long: 6*s.*)
"From Charing Cross to Delhi." By Parnell Kerr. (T. Fisher Unwin: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"The Book of Simple Delights." By Walter Raymond. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)
"The Wickhamses." By W. Pett Ridge. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

Popular Romance and Its Enemies

"Getting at the facts" about various subjects, historical and otherwise, is, doubtless, an admirable habit in literary gentlemen not burdened with a surplus of imagination. The fact-finder, however, is apt to become a bit of a vandal if allowed too much license. In his morbid craving for crude truths he is a danger to romance. There are certain popular illusions which fictionists must positively fight to preserve in their pristine falsity, even if to do so involves a series of assassinations in the British Museum and other haunts of the fact-finder. The belief, for instance, that Mary Stuart was a beautiful woman is so necessary for purposes of the novelist of Elizabethan inclinations, that most certainly the man who sets to work to prove, or even to insinuate, that she was otherwise is a foe to fiction. Mr. Andrew Lang in his book, *Portraits and Jewels of Mary, Queen of Scots* (MacLehose: 8*s.* 6*d.*), does this very thing, in cold blood. Not content with suggesting the evil thought by the written word alone, Mr. Lang must call in the aid of painted facts also. He rejects as forgeries those canvases of the Victorian era depicting Mary as beauty incarnate, and has collected in their disproof mere portraits of the period! He dares to cite the facts of the sixteenth century against the suppositions of the twentieth. The portraits, if you please, of Mary by those who knew her, represent her as anything but a beautiful woman! Out of the number, only four, it seems, suggest that she was even passable. "Pleasing" and "sweet" seem to have been the most flattering adjectives conceded to the Queen by those who saw her—as if the evidence of their miserable eyes were of any avail beside the accepted judgment of three and a half successive centuries. True, Mr. Lang himself, in criticising the thirteen portraits (authentic) of Mary Stuart, which he includes in his volume, urges the observer to take it for granted that the prettiest of the portraits was the nearest likeness, because of the lack of charm in the sixteenth-century painters generally, and the fact that very rarely did they work from life when there was a crayon sketch to hand. But my case against him is not an objection to his opinion, it is a protest against any interference by him, or by any other too-zealous seeker after facts, with so enormously important an asset to historical romance as the belief that Mary Stuart was a beautiful woman.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Helen Mathers (Mrs. Reeves)

Whose new sporting novel, "Tally Ho!" has just been published by Methuen (6*s.*)

A Blow to Mr. Rider Haggard

On the heels of this covert attack on poor Mary Stuart comes an onslaught on King Solomon's Mines. Even the "Elliptical Temple" of Rhodesia is not to be left in the romantic suspicion of association with Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. In a mischievous quest of evidences, Mr. Randall Maciver has been exploring the upper regions of Rhodesia, on behalf of the British Association, aided by the Rhodes' Trustees, and has chronicled his conclusions in a book entitled *Mediæval Rhodesia* (Macmillan: 6*s.*). Regardless of the danger of seriously offending Mr. Rider Haggard, he urges, in brief, that the supposed ruins are positively modern — mere fourteenth and fifteenth century edifices, devoid of all Oriental or European architectural traces, and of all inscriptions. Further, if you please, he contends that the "Temple" is the work of negroes—a glorified Kaffir kraal—and that its art and other possessions were imported from mediæval Europe by prosperous coons of the period. However, if Mr. Maciver's researches go to disprove a lot of the supposed romance of sub-equatorial Africa, it must be said that he hath not taken away without replacing. For if he is to be believed, the people who built the Acropolis and the Elliptical Temple are of considerable romantic interest themselves. It was the Arabs who swept southwards in the Middle Ages who introduced to the negroes of Rhodesia the notions of elegance which had their effect in the Temple and the luxurious houses adjoining it. An active imagination could work up, from the material afforded by this supposition, a fine romance,

which would be no whit inferior to any that had Solomon as its inspiration. In fact, the true history of Central Africa should, if faithfully told, equal in every detail of romance the legendary one.

"The Viper of Milan"

A more creditable literary *début* than that of Miss Marjorie Bowen, with her historical romance, *The Viper of Milan* (Alston Rivers), is seldom made. Miss Bowen, who is only eighteen years of age, has written a really fine romance, full of dramatic incident, alive with imagination, and exciting from beginning to end. Her theme is a broad one—the struggle for the control of the Lombardy of the mid-fourteenth century between Gean Visconti and Mastino della Scala. Visconti is, of course, the central figure, and being himself the "Viper of Milan" is necessarily represented as a bad man. Murder was, with him, a mannerism almost amounting to a fault. By a series of "removals" he was enabled finally to repulse Della Scala, and to make himself Lord of Lombardy. His triumphs, however, were more those of a homicide than a belligerent, a fact which gives to his character a piquancy lacking in the mere man of war. The contrast between this man and his great antagonist, Della Scala, whose "dignity was his own, not that of pomp and splendour, the terror of crime, or the dazzle of power," who "overawed the Milanese with something new to them—the sense of worth," is, indeed, a striking one. Miss Bowen, however, does not allow her story to be marred by any mawkish sympathy with worth and virtue. Della Scala is beaten and humiliated. Visconti, at the crucial moment in the struggle, has captured his adversary's wife, Isotto d'Este, and offers her surrender as the price of Scala's submission. Della Scala, in a weak moment, yields, and Lombardy falls to Visconti. The fact that the latter, himself, is assassinated by a follower just as he is about to march on Turin, is treated with a due regard to its unimportance (in the story), and his triumph against the forces of virtue made sufficiently clear. For the sympathetic reader, in his heart of hearts, likes the villain to have a show, Nemesis or no Nemesis. I cannot detail a tithe of the incidents which make up Miss Bowen's story. Breathless, they tumble over one another — some broad, tense, dramatic; others, conventional and merely sanguinary. The death-roll of the book is lengthy, but the author is at times sparing. For instance, when Visconti offers his treacherous sister, Valentine, a cup of wine, and commands her to drink it, while he holds his dagger gleaming over her, one expects her to be poisoned. She expects it herself. To everybody's surprise—and her own—the cup is just an ordinary refreshing beverage, with no poison, and Visconti has been merely "teaching her a lesson." Not that he loves her—not at all—but because he has arranged a useful little marriage for her with the Duke of Orleans, and cannot spare her. Visconti is equally neat in his method when, to punish a foolish young German—Count Conrad—for daring to attempt to murder him, he merely orders him a safe conduct back to Germany, with all expenses paid! These two incidents alone show that the young author has an eye for the original points of her characters, as well as the exigencies of being duly gory. I can add but little more, beyond a word of congratulation to Miss Bowen on a really remarkable effort at a remarkably early age.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Marjorie Bowen

An author of eighteen years, whose historical novel, "The Viper of Milan," is one of the most notable books of the season. (Alston Rivers: 6*s.*)

"Tally Ho!"

Miss Helen Mathers is to be congratulated on her appearance as a "horsey" writer—I mean as a writer of a novel, *Tally Ho!* (Methuen: 6*s.*), which is in character chiefly equine. Miss Mathers's story is one which well shows how a man's passion for the glory of winning a race can dwarf all others, but, incidentally, her characterisation of people interested in the quadruped is attractive. The book is not merely a story with the horse as its motive, and with some people in the background. It is interesting as a psychological study, and there is put into the mouths of the characters much interesting philosophy on the relationship of the horse to the man, a fact which saves the book from the suggestion of cheap "horsey" sensationalism which might be gathered from the title and cover design.

VIVIAN CARTER.

A Reply to "The Jungle"

Mr. Werner Laurie will publish shortly *The Packers and the People*, by J. Ogden Armour, of the Armour Packing Co., Chicago. Mr. Armour says: "My book is a protest against the sensation mongers, who, for their own selfish purposes, have singled out the packing industries for a campaign of slander, abuse, and misrepresentation without precedent." He indulges in a good deal of hard hitting, and, incidentally, gives a very thorough and interesting account of the growth and workings of the canned meat trade, illustrated with a number of photographs from his own factory. He denies emphatically the charges against cleanliness and sanitation, and asserts that meats are handled as carefully in the large packing-houses as they are in the average home kitchen.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Constitution of the Open Championship

I am pleased to see, by notices in the Press, that the Professional Golfers' Association are about to take into their consideration the question of the Open Championship. It will be remembered that in his speech at the conclusion of the Open Championship, Mr. Paterson, the Captain of the Hon. Company, made an eloquent appeal to the professionals on the subject of the necessity of some alteration in the conditions governing the entries for this great event. The numbers of competitors in these last few years have reached such unwieldy proportions as to make it almost impossible under present conditions to carry out the competition. I believe that the delegates of the clubs controlling the Open Championship have called on the Professional Golfers' Association to formulate some plan for combating the evil which is threatening the very existence of the most important event of the golfing year.

A Weighty Question

We are, therefore, face to face with a grave crisis in the game, and on the wise solution of this pressing problem very weighty issues depend. The question is an extremely difficult one, and will require the most consummate handling on the part of the authorities concerned. It behoves all those, therefore, who have the interests of the game at heart to do all in their power, by suggestion, advice, and counsel, to help the powers that be in their knotty task. As my readers know, I have done all in my power to get an alteration made in the Open Championship, which would join to the present test of scoring that of match play. In the present temper of the professionals, with their fervid adherence to scoring as the best and fairest test for a Championship, it is much to be feared that they will turn a deaf ear to those who are pressing on their notice the question of the introduction of match play in the final stage of the tournament.

"When's dinner coming?"

In Favour of Match Play

Yet there are some considerations in favour of match play which ought to weigh heavily in the balance. If a scheme can be devised for dealing with the Open Championship on the lines of the *News of the World* Tournament, I think, provided that it was fair to all sections impartially, that it would be welcomed by all amateurs. Once settle the broad principle of a preliminary scoring competition by sections and a final tournament by match play, and you will find that minor difficulties will be easily overcome.

An Opportunity Not To Be Lost

It will be a world of pities if the professionals let slip this opportunity of bringing the Open Championship into a form which will embrace both divisions of the game. At present the professional mind, from highest to lowest, is intent upon one form of the game to the serious detriment of the other. From this attitude of mind flow serious consequences, the most serious of which is that amateurs and professionals do not take an identical view of the game. A man who is always thinking of the scoring game will lay out a course on quite different lines from one who takes a broader view. Most of the traditions of the game come down to us not from the scoring, but the match game. Some of the finest and most delightful features of golf disappear in the scoring game, which tends to eliminate the personal element so strongly in evidence in a match. It is said that the luck of the draw is much greater in match than in scoring play. But there is this important point to be taken into consideration, that whereas in scoring play two favourites may start at wide intervals of time under absolutely different conditions of weather, favouring one at the expense of the other, in match play the two competitors cannot be thus injuriously affected; their match and all other matches must place the parties to the match on an absolute equality as far as weather conditions go. For the sake of the unity of the game and for its future progress, I again adjure the professionals to give this question of the introduction of match play into the final stages of the Open Championship their most careful and unprejudiced consideration.

Ernest Lehmann

GAMES AND PASTIMES

Cambridge v. Harvard

Last week, to judge by the daily papers, the attention of the British public was riveted on two questions, whether Hirst would get two hundred wickets, as well as two thousand runs, and whether Cambridge would beat Harvard. The first of these problems was satisfactorily solved at Scarborough on Thursday, but the second still causes an outpouring of "copy," mostly rubbish, which must be almost unequalled in the history of English journalism. Editors probably rejoice, for their columns are filled, but it would be interesting to hear what the great sea-serpent and the giant gooseberry think about it all, for they have no chance of appearing in print before September 11 at the earliest. One wonders who the talented individuals can be who contribute a column or so apiece at frequent intervals under the names of "Our Rowing Expert," "Old Blue" (apparently a prolific race), and so forth. If these authors really deserve their titles, rowing experts must resemble expert witnesses in the diversity of their opinions, and possibly in other ways.

Building the new boat for Cambridge

Great interest was evoked last week in the news that Cambridge had suddenly ordered a new boat for next Saturday's race. The builders have been at work on it night and day, so as to allow the crew to properly try it

A Vexed Question

The fact of the matter is that, up to the time of writing, it is almost, if not quite, impossible to make any comparison between the two crews which is worth the paper it is written upon. To the British eye, Cambridge have much the prettier and more powerful style, but the same distinction might have been, and was, drawn between Trinity Hall and the Belgians at Henley, and since that race the question of style must be regarded as an open one. Harvard have been very unlucky in the matter of accidents and illness, and, even if their luck turns, they can only have had, when the day of the race arrives, a fortnight's practice with their proper crew, but on

Photos] **The Rival Crews: Cambridge (on the right) and Harvard getting ready for a practice** *[Illustrations Bureau*

"Old Blues" and "Rowing Experts" are writing columns in the papers with regard to the merits or otherwise of the different crews without anyone, however, being much the wiser. While the Americans have only been able to get a fortnight's practice with their proper crew, Cambridge, on the other hand, are, perhaps, in danger of being a little over-trained

How Burgess Escaped the Heat Wave

the other hand, most of the Cambridge men have been rowing almost without intermission since the Fours last October and November, a tremendous strain upon nerves and muscles, which causes most University oarsmen to become decidedly "fed up" with rowing by the end of Henley, and to find the ensuing three months' rest not a bit too much. Therefore, the Cambridge coaches are in an awkward position. If they work the crew hard they will be in danger of getting stale; if they do not, it is difficult for them to get properly together.

A Feat in Boat-Building

Last week Cambridge were not quite satisfied with their boat. They are a heavy crew, and both the 1905 and 1906 boats were hardly big enough for them; so on Wednesday they ordered a new one from Messrs. Sims to be delivered on the following Monday. This is, perhaps, the quickest bit of boat-building on record, requiring day and night labour, and our illustration shows the work in progress. This rapid construction was necessary in order that the boat might be properly tried before the race, and any defects or weaknesses discovered and remedied.

Photo *Illus. Bureau*

Burgess

Who, to escape the heat last week, attempted to swim the Channel. He succeeded in escaping the heat, but did not swim the Channel

Lawn-Tennis Handicaps: A Plea for the Extension of the Two-Class System

There is one feature of the Homburg programme which, without being unique, is still, comparatively speaking, rare. It is the division into two classes of all the handicap events—with the exception of the Ladies' Doubles, usually (by the mercy of Providence) the smallest event of all. The practice is one which ought to be adopted far more largely in England, and there is really no sanction, except that of long usage, for confining it to the Gentlemen's Singles handicap. Of course, the objection to two classes is that it means increasing the number, or at any rate the value, of the prizes, a serious matter for those tournaments (and they are many) which can do little more than pay their way. But if this difficulty is an insurmountable one, it might easily be got over by playing off an event in two classes up to the semi-final, and then amalgamating it, re-drawing and re-handicapping the four players or pairs left in, and setting them to play off for the four prizes or pairs of prizes. There would be no harm in arranging the new draw so that one of the players or pairs in Class A. should meet one of the players or pairs in Class B. in the final, and the new handicap could be made upon

Photo *Topical*

The Beauty of Burnham, "My Lady Dainty," dressed in her winning flags

Mr. S. N. Griffith's famous little eighteen-footer, though quite an old ship as racers go, still gets the winning gun more often than the boats which have been built to beat her. Her record of wins at the end of last season was 180 (out of 206 starts) during eight seasons' racing. She continued her victorious career at Burnham last week, and could, probably, by this time, fly over 200 winning flags

Champions of the Past Cricket Season

a fixed scale, so as not to deprive a player or pair of any advantage previously gained on the handicap. This idea is one which is well worth the consideration of tournament committees, whose entry lists have hitherto become unwieldy by reason of the wide difference between the form of the strongest and weakest players therein.

The County Championship

For several years past, letters have appeared in the papers pointing out the absurdities of the present system of deciding the County Championship. It is certainly unfortunate, first, that any athletic or sporting contest should have to be decided by mathematical calculations at all, and, secondly, that those calculations should not be on a more rational plan, but the defenders of the present system may truly say that up to the present the team which has come out at the top has been undeniably the best of the year. That has certainly been the case in 1906, and Kent are probably as good an eleven all round as have ever been seen. If their victory can be ascribed to any one cause, it is to their having no tail. When the best batsmen could not get runs, someone else did; when Blythe and Fielder failed to get wickets, the change bowlers came to the rescue; and, above all, very few runs were given away by mistakes in the field.

Photo *Foster*

Hirst

Who beat all records last week by making two thousand runs and taking his two-hundredth wicket in one season

Hirst and Hayward

Hayward deserves every credit for having made more runs in a season than anyone has ever done before, but one cannot help wondering what Grace would have done twenty or thirty years ago if he had played half his matches on a modern Oval wicket, and a large proportion of the rest at such places as Worcester and Birmingham. Yet the batsman's gain has been the bowler's loss, and the only advantage that the latter has over his predecessors is that he has more matches to bowl in. Hirst's 2,000 runs and 200 wickets is a record that is likely to stand for a long time, and fairly entitles him to be called the best all-round cricketer of the day.

Photo] **The Champions** [*Bolland*

The Kent team, who gained the Championship by beating Hampshire, on Saturday, by an innings and thirty-seven runs

STANDING: Mr. Rawley (manager), Fairservice, Blythe, Fielder, W. Hearne (scorer), Huish, Woolley
SITTING (*back*): Blaker, Mason, Marsham, Hutchings, Burnup
SITTING (*front*): Humphreys, Seymour

Lady Flo on Circuit

(Paragraphs extracted from Her Ladyship's Correspondence while on Country Visits)

By B. MACDONALD HASTINGS

II.—THE PATRONESSES

I am writing from Mr. and Mrs. Bobby White's ancestral castle, Stone Green, Yorkshire. It is the usual "Crow's Nest" crowd, extravagance from 12 to 12 on moderate incomes. Quite a party came with me from Pudsey Abbey, the Duchess and Angostura, Mrs. Orison, Jack Bennett, and another man, who I believe spent the whole week at Pudsey on fishing expeditions. Still, I am not at all sure that he is poor; Mrs. Orison pets him so much. He travelled part of the way in my railway carriage—or, rather, I walked along the corridor into his—and we argued about the insuffragettes and the ideal woman. He is a confirmed bachelor, very cynical about our sex. "All women," said he, cheerfully, "are liars. The ideal woman is the ideal wife." I think he rather despises me, but I twice caught him criticising my profile—my full-length profile, be it understood. His name is Lewis Cumberland.

The Flower Show

The men shoot all day here, but they sacrificed themselves on Wednesday for the village flower-show, given, to quote the bills, "under very distinguished patronage," which, of course, referred to our very superior selves. Mrs. Bobby White is frightfully keen on the lower classes, though the under-garments she sometimes makes for them must very often stunt their lives. Bobby, besides being a teetotaler, is Honorary Colonel of the local Volunteers, and makes speeches at every available opportunity. "Conservatism, Conscription, Cocoa, and the Crown!" is his war-cry. And some of the girls look so awkward at breakfast when he talks about physique. Ordinary decency demands that the discussion of such a subject should be put off till a later meal. But Mrs. Bobby managed to inspire some of her woman-guests, at any rate, with enthusiasm, and, as a result, the whole show practically was run from the house.

The Programme

The afternoon was rather boring. The village school-children did a play to a crowded audience, but the "Crow's Nest" Pierrot Team only persuaded two very old inhabitants to listen to them. It subsequently transpired that they were both deaf and dumb, and were under the impression they were watching "The Babes in the Wood." Lady Madge Stockwell, who had got a black eye earlier on through standing too near the cocoa-nut range, sang "The Blind Boy" and "Bringing the Sunday Dinner Home" with wonderful verve, though perhaps the best contribution to the programme was Mrs. Bobby's gramophone.

The Duchess, and the Doctor, and the Vicar, and, of course, Mrs. Bobby, judged the fruit, flowers, bread, cake, and butter on show, and I believe their decisions gave general satisfaction to the winners. The man who expected to win in the cherry class failed to find his exhibit at the crucial moment. Unfortunately, earlier in the afternoon, the Duchess had absent-mindedly eaten the lot!

Church and Cabbage

The distribution of prizes was the occasion of some amusing oratory. The Vicar was really eloquent, and paid a glowing tribute to the self-sacrificing us for our enthusiastic co-operation. He thought there was a moral to be drawn from the wonderful show in the tent behind. He might go so far as to say that the butter of Mr. Hook, who, he need scarcely remind them, collected the pew-rents quarterly, was a glowing tribute to the efficacy of the Established Church. Only by laying one's hand to the plough in both the bodily and the spiritual sense could one emulate the success of Mr. Hook, and, similar remarks applied to Mr. Bighurst, whose unsalaried services as church-warden had not hindered his successful cultivation of French beans. He was pleased to be able to announce that, after a consultation with his brother and sister judges, it had been decided to award a consolation prize of ninepence to Mr. Meek, whose Unitarianism had not interfered with his tomato crop. The Doctor followed, and was received with the subdued enthusiasm always accorded to a creditor. He succinctly summarised the death-rate of the parish, and adjoining less-favoured parishes, but deprecated the fact that the virulent epidemic of mumps in the neighbourhood had not dissuaded a number of the sufferers from being present.

The Mystery Play

The day's entertainment closed with the performance of an up-to-date mystery play in the grounds. It was written by Lady Angostura's sister, Yvonne, who has grown weirdly literary. I don't think I should have understood it at all if I had not sat next Mrs. Orison. Half way through the libretto Lady Angy was dragged in, in coon costume, to sing a cheeky ditty anent the love of a Radish for a stick of Celery. It appears the vegetables lived in separate plots, and the laws of caste prohibited their union. But the gardener—a sort of marriage-broker—arranged the matter by cutting them both and throwing them in the kitchen stock-pot. With what result? Well, the final verse speaks for itself:—

> Now the moral it is plain for anyone to see—
> (Sing hey! the daisies in the copses!)
> Ye couples who would wed should first of all agree—
> (Sing ho! the butterflies and wopses!)
> Recall this thrilling yarn—take heed and don't be rash—
> Be sure of your fiasco (which of course is French for mash),
> Or the consequence, I fear, will be inevitably—hash!
> Sing heigh-ho!

Angy footed it merrily after each verse, and the Vicar's wife sent her son home to water the plants. I suppose there was a moral. The audience were frankly astounded, and the villagers not in the least amused. They evidently prefer Simple Margarine to Norman Butter.

FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By Mrs. JACK MAY

All is still barren, from Dan to Beersheba, in the modistic land, though every week brings us nearer to the triumphant note of the Autumn season. Meanwhile, I am persuaded to proclaim a certain astonishment over the number of tartan cloths that have gone up North for recognised sporting wear. The desire, always early evinced in this direction, has positively for once become an accomplished fact, and bodes well for a future of plaids. A short coat and vest of rough natural-hued frieze, worn with a green tartan skirt, disposed in the orthodox flat kilts, is proving admittedly one of the most successful shooting suits of the hour. The idea is not wholly original, but until now the acceptance has been far too tentative to be designated a vogue. It is, however, undoubtedly, the thin end of the wedge for plaids of every denomination to enjoy full play, while we may rest comfortably assured that the fine artistic Providence now watching over us will see to it that the combination of colours shall be at once pleasing and varied —that is, in the eyes of those who are not choked up with Scotch traditions. To such trammelled folk the very thought of a purple plaid would be agony, and yet, lacking these vagaries, the general life of plaids would be too feeble to bear contemplation, and mauves, moreover, worked up in gentle gradations, are really surprisingly effective in a plaided presentment.

Braid an Important Item

Before the onrush of braiding fancies, my pen pauses in dismay. The temptation is to run riot with this ornamental detail, and, unless very exceptional discretion be displayed, the chances are, the *penchant* will very soon wear itself out in pure exuberance of spirit. From some great houses in Paris comes the report that braided or *brandebourged* cloths will be carried to such excess that there will be little or nothing of the ground material left visible. Now this is a decision that causes me, personally, very serious pangs of anxiety, set up by the large probabilities that the mercantile world, with its irrepressible love for ostentatious effect, will quickly mark this braiding persuasion for its own.

Braiding, as everybody knows, is essentially a machine process, therefore, unless some extravagant measures are resorted to, the all-over design will very speedily exhaust itself. Happily, though, there are many other conditions under which braid can be rendered attractive — notably the Greek key-pattern design. Braided waistcoats, too, are being introduced into costumes otherwise left unrelieved, and very especially pleasing are graduated widths of silk braid, arranged without any fantasy or vagary. Disconnected *motifs*, such as upright lines used to define the gores of the skirt, and finishing with a scroll effect at the summit, are the styles best inured against cheap plagiarisms. A tiny pleated frill of braid affords a pretty finish to a coatee or tailor type of bodice, and I, myself, am very considerably taken by the suggestion of a combined brace and stole effect, that is arrived at through the medium of braid. At the back a broad quality starts, either from the waist or from the top of a corselet, in the form of a brace, but after passing over the bend of the shoulder it falls loose, and so becomes a stole end, either plain or caught up in a long loop. Added to all of which there is every probability of both braid buckles and belts being pushed into such prominence as such trifles are capable of obtaining.

A sporting costume
(Drawn by K. Pleydel Young)

Millinery Matters

When in doubt, "buy a hat," has become almost a classic. A rivalry, keen and strong, is waging between a soft felt worn with naturally crumpled crown, and a stiffer felt fashioned like those worn by the Tyrolean peasants, and merely relieved by a *coq's* feather curling over from the back. Both these models are good at the moment, and there are certain to be developments, although in their initial state they are essentially for country wear and rough-and-ready dress. A quite particular charm pervades the revised pork-pie turban, that is just a little narrowed in shape, and the crown divided from the brim by narrow draperies of tulle, or a single upright fold of velvet, a trimming usually carried out in some strong contrast. This is the happiest *chapeau* imaginable for the now approved *coiffure*, with its dainty little clusters of curls, as is also the Napoleonic hat, a fancy that arises with perennial persistency. The unabated belief in contour is most apparent in all the above quoted examples.

Felt hats will be taken on very early in the season. Indeed, they are already strikingly in evidence ; I refer, of course, to those suitable to mate with *habillée* gowns. I have, moreover, the profoundest belief in the elegance of smooth beavers, tucked taffetas, and soft-crowned velvet shapes with stiff picturesque brims, the latter invariably showing a contrast beneath, with a crowd of ostrich feathers congregating at one side. Grapes are a great vogue, and follow some delicious gradations, encouraging at the same time the delightful harmonies of greyish purple and green. This fruit, too, is frequently mingled with roses of daringly unconventional colouring.

A "chic" theatre hat

Carried out in shades of "Hortensia" mauve, plumed with shaded ostrich feathers

(Drawn by K. Pleydel Young)

The Reign of the Redingote

With my mind overflowing with desire for the revival of the real Redingote, a thing of graceful picturesqueness, I am instructed that at the recent big French races there came, "as a bolt from the blue," a very plethora of redingotes. Sometimes these wraps were arranged *en suite* with the skirts, as in the case of a cream flannel cloth that was piped with triple folds of white, black, and orange taffetas ; whereas a brown and white check was completed by a grey cloth redingote, faced back with pistache green revers and a high Napoleon collar, heavily embroidered in gold. A taffetas redingote is always the epitome of smartness, and when arranged with the decreed shortened waist, the skirt portion just slightly fulled on to the upper, and shaped to allow of a nice flow at the hem, the whole suggestion is replete with fascinations. And there is always economy in a handsome distinctive wrap of this description, which can be supplemented, as seasonable occasion demands, by fur accessories, while the gown beneath becomes of quite secondary consideration. I am much persuaded we shall do well to advance the cause of the redingote in every way as speedily as possible.

A Sporting Costume

The deft introduction of leather is one of the chief attractions of this suit, which is carried out in a fawn and powder blue mixture tweed, with the fawn accurately reproduced in fine leather of suéde persuasion. An artistic blue bird, shading to brown at the tips of the wings, figures prominently in a fawn felt toque that is of eminently regulation shape.

An Exploded Fallacy

That linen, under its best and most desirable auspices, is not the ideal summer fabric has long been a contention of mine. Consequently, there is distinct gratification—to me—in the report that the leading *tailleurs des dames* are concerning themselves deeply in the creation of a heavy make of linen tailor-made autumn suits. An instance that came under my immediate notice heralded the approach of the long corselet coat, which, on occasion, may reach to the feet.

In the model, however, under discussion, a few inches of skirt were displayed, the whole costume finding charming distinction in a pleasantly subdued shade of Japanese blue, with a mere *soupçon* of parti-coloured embroidery on collar and sleeves. This gown goes to one of the foreign watering-places, where, indeed, all the best creations are destined at the moment.

For the morning promenade, during the process of drinking the waters, the linen suit of severe aspect has every prospect of taking a prominent position, the preference by no means falling, as heretofore, to white. And as to the long coat referred to above, that is a vogue about which there is no shadow of doubt left, and one that will be irresistible to the owner of the figure calculated to set off to its highest perfection a garment that defines the form closely. The tendency to emphasise the waist grows steadily apace. And here we are, with innumerable revivals of the "'sixties" in full recognition, and never a breath of the crinoline. That notable monstrosity and the *pagode* sleeve are most successfully deleted from a scheme of things that includes exceedingly full-flounced skirts, elaborate coat of contrasting character to the accompanying gown, the infinitesimal sunshade, and last, but by no means the least important of all, the shawl.

A "Chic" Theatre Hat

Our illustration on this page shows a *chic* theatre hat, carried out in shades of "Hortensia" mauve, plumed with shaded ostrich feathers.

A REMARKABLE BOOK ON THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., the distinguished authority on Hygienic Science and Health Questions, is evidently a believer in Thomas Carlyle's doctrine that there is no utility in pointing out misfortunes unless you at the same time indicate the remedy. In his remarkable little book, "The Art of Living," just issued from the Press, Dr. Wilson not only points out that "our first duty to ourselves is to check illness at the outset," but he follows up this admonition with the more welcome information how we are to do it. He, so to speak, says: "You have the evil of ill-health to fight. Now, here's the weapon to fight with. Strike for freedom." For example, he says, "Suppose a person has run down — feels languid and is easily tired. If he neglects this warning—for all such signs and symptoms are Nature's warning to us—the possibility is that he will pass further afield into the great lone land of disease. Can he do anything to save himself from such a disastrous result? In the vast majority of cases he can restore his vigour." How? Dr. Wilson tells his reader how without delay, adding at once this remarkable statement: "Probably he will be advised to take a tonic. This, in the main, is good advice. Unfortunately, the number of tonics is legion, but if there exists any preparation which can combine in itself the properties of a tonic and restorative, and which at the same time can contribute to the nourishment and building up of the enfeebled body, it is evident such an agent must prove of the utmost value to everybody. I have found such a tonic and restorative in the preparation known as Sanatogen." How the distinguished author found this tonic he tells us in an interesting bit of autobiography. "Recovering from an attack of Influenza," he says, "and suffering from the severe weakness incidental to that ailment, Sanatogen was brought under my notice. I gave it a fair trial, and the results were all that could have been desired. In a short time my appetite improved, the weakness was conquered, and without the use of any other medicine or preparation I was restored to health." It is easy to believe that this experience led the doctor to make a thorough investigation into this specific which had served him so well. Sanatogen, he tells us, is no "secret" remedy, for, as he pertinently observes, "Its composition is well known, otherwise medical men would not prescribe it." How through regenerating the nervous system, Sanatogen restores the functions of the digestive organs, and by rebuilding the whole body compensates the wear and tear of latter-day life; how it does away with the need of stimulants, and cures the sick by the natural method of making the body strong enough to drive out disease—all this, in the delightful style of Dr. Wilson's language, makes engrossing and pleasant as well as instructive reading. This last contribution of Dr. Wilson to the literature of Health may certainly be calculated to carry joyful news to the ailing.

A limited number of complete specimen copies of "The Art of Living," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., are being distributed free of charge. To obtain one of these copies the applicant must mention THE BYSTANDER in sending his name and address to the publishers, F. Williams and Co, 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.

A Question for Intending Piano Purchasers.

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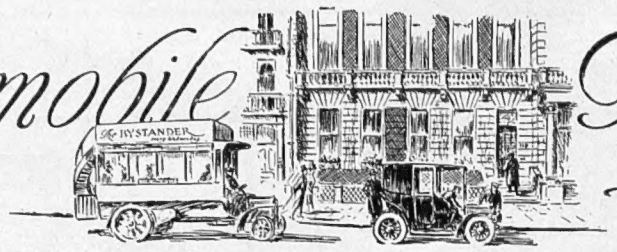
Automobile Topics.



Touring Expenses

A friend who has recently concluded a four weeks' tour in Scotland, the Lake District, and North Wales, complains strongly of the increasing cost of holiday trips, and inquires, somewhat sarcastically, why it is that the generally accepted commercial principle of reduced prices for increased quantities should not apply to the motorist. There are, he argues, twice as many motorists on the road to-day as there were two years ago, but he finds on examination that his expenditure this year exceeds by 32 per cent. the disbursements called for over almost the same ground, and with the same party, in the autumn of 1904. In the former year his car was a 12-16 h.-p. four-cylinder example of a well-known make, which has now been superseded by an 18-22 h.-p. of same type, but this, he opines, should not account for the difference. As I have been privileged to look through the accounts—my friend is a most methodical man—and as at this season, particularly, the subject is of great interest, I propose briefly to recount the figures. Summarised, a comparison shows increased cost of petrol, 20 per cent.; hotels, 12 per cent.; and sundries, including lubricating oil, charging accumulators, etc., 5 per cent.; while there is a decrease of 5 per cent. in the tyre bill.

* * *

Petrol at 2s. 4d. a Gallon!

The items in the petrol bill are very curious, showing a range of from 10*d.* a gallon in London to 2*s.* 4*d.* in Inverness-shire. In Town, as we know to our cost, the price of petrol is rising rapidly, owing to the large demands made by the motor-omnibus companies and other heavy consumers, but 2*s.* 4*d.* per gallon, even in the most inaccessible spot in the Highlands, leaves a nasty taste in the mouth, although less than two years ago I paid as much as 3*s.* at a place nearer home—on a Sunday. I think a highly successful career awaits any firm which will go extensively into the business of petrol dissemination throughout the country, making one uniform charge throughout. The private consumer, who now is compelled to pay pretty much what is asked by the local dealer, would support such a concern with alacrity, and the cost of carriage, without, say, a fifty-mile radius of the Metropolis, might be equalised to the buyer without very great hardship to those nearer the centre of civilisation.

* * *

Hotel Accommodation

An increase of 12 per cent. on one's outlay for temporary accommodation is not, I fear, a unique experience. Rightly or wrongly — most motorists will say the latter — hotel-keepers throughout the length and breadth of the land appear to regard all automobilists as legitimate prey, from whom the uttermost farthing must be extorted at all times. It is to combat this principle that the A.C.G.B. & I. has appointed certain hotels in different parts of the country as headquarters of the Club, and should any cause of complaint arise at such places—instances are very few and far between—a representation of the facts to the Club Secretary speedily brings about redress of the grievance. The Road Club, to which I referred in THE BYSTANDER last week, is also an excellent organisation working with the same end, but with the growing popularity of the car for men of moderate means, I think the Motor Union might, with advantage, turn its attention in this direction also. I am sure the boundless energy of Mr. Rees Jeffreys would be equal to the task of devising some simple and effective scheme, such an one, for instance, as that organised by the Cyclists' Touring Club in the days of our youth. I suppose we must admit that the cost of living is increasing all round, but that is surely all the more reason why automobilists should band themselves together to frustrate the knavish tricks of those extortionate persons who appear to regard us as a fit and lawful prey.

* * *

Petrol v. Alcohol

Apropos of the increasing cost of petrol—which, by the way, affects automobilists in the land of the oil and other Trusts just as keenly as it does us—I notice that our American cousins have contrived to get their Free Alcohol Law passed by Congress, and signed by the President, and that its provisions take effect from January 1 next. The gist of the law is that alcohol used for industrial purposes shall be duty free. There is not the slightest doubt that when the law is in operation many important branches of mechanical industry will benefit materially, as well as those agriculturists who devote themselves to its production. Meanwhile, albeit certain far-seeing men engaged in the motor industry in this country realise that alcohol must inevitably be the fuel of the future for the internal combustion engine, little or nothing is being done to pave the way for its adoption.

* * *

Whose Business Is It?

There is a sublime apathy displayed by the technical committee of the Automobile Club, and by the Society of Motor Manufacturers, on the subject, nor do any of our Chambers of Commerce or Boards of Agriculture appear to concern themselves greatly about a matter which, from their attitude, it would appear may well be left to posterity. Parliament flatly declines to consider the question until it has been demonstrated that alcohol-burning engines will work as

(*Continued on page* viii.)

A New Era in Furnishing

The significance of the striking and unquestionable interest that has been aroused by the exquisite and wonderful contents of Waring's New Premises for beautifying the home among all classes of the community, from the highest in the land to those less fortunately placed, is found in the fact that it indicates an awakening to the possibilities and the importance of beauty and art in the domestic environment. It shows that no longer is Art regarded as the monopoly of artists, but is a realisation of the artists' service to the public in the refinement, decoration, and equipment of that prime essential of human life—the House and Home. Waring's is more than the fashion of the moment; its inculcation of simplicity and beauty with sound workmanship coincides with, and has largely produced, the release of the present generation from the dominance of ugly utilitarianism and extravagant ornamentation which has too long fashioned the British house. Waring's is more than the fashion of the moment, for its Exhibition and its wares must exercise an influence as widespread and as permanent as that similar movement linked with the names of Sheraton and Chippendale.

Colonial Chippendale Dining-room at Waring's

Waring's is more than a fashion, for it confines itself not to one style, and to meeting the requirements of only the wealthy, but, combining decorative art with commercial economy, it places before the public furniture and domestic equipment in every known style adapted to the needs and financial resources of every home.

An expression of the completeness with which Waring's are catering for every class of the community is found in the fact that, within the walls of their commercial palace, there are five furnished houses at inclusive prices ranging from £100 to £750, a hundred and twenty specimen rooms from £20 to £20,000, and every article required for the equipment of the home, from the smallest kitchen utensil to a grand piano.

Awarded GRAND PRIX, 1906 Milan Exhibition.

A NOTE ON

GLADIATOR

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WAGNER on DARRACQ fitted with

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made RECORD TIME in this event, over 100 Kilometres.

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He was the only one who did not use the Jantes Amovibles (Detachable Rims).

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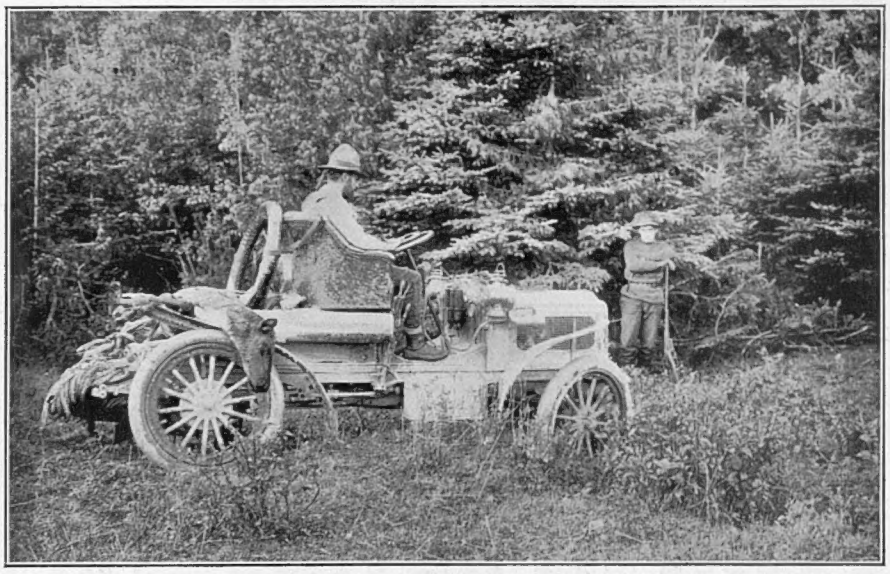
Shooting by Motor

The three cars leaving an old lumber camp for a day's shooting



Returning Home with the Kill: Notice the state of the "road" which had to be negotiated during the 546-mile tour

Photos *Ward*

Shooting at One's Ease: A comfortable motor-seat adds hours to the duration of one's patience in waiting for a shot

HOW A PARTY OF FIVE WENT ON A SPORTING TOUR

THE motor, as a useful adjunct to shooting expeditions, is well known in this country, but it is doubtful if an actual tour by motor for sporting purposes has ever been made here. A sporting trip under such conditions, however, has just been undertaken by five keen sportsmen through the virgin forests of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and the Northern Canadian Lakes, in the course of which 546 miles were covered, all on such "roads" as our pictures depict, which had originally been made by lumbermen on their search for "big" timber. A good road winds in and out to dodge big stumps, and it must be negotiated at a slow pace. To be forced to drive over such a road would be the most tantalising punishment for the motor "road-hog," though, as the contents of the car in the middle picture testifies, it traverses the haunts of big game. Each night the party made their stopping place on the site of some deserted lumber camp, which its former occupants had always taken care to choose in a sheltered spot near a spring. Apart from the big game already mentioned, there is plenty of smaller fry, which provides excellent sport. The comfortable seat of a motor, instead of mother earth and a hard tree trunk, forms an ideal resting place when awaiting a shot, and adds hours to one's patience.